

The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIII--NO. 29.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 8, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 1,173

Massillon Independent.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1863.)

C. E. TAYLOR, - - - PROPRIETOR.

O. W. THOMAS, - - - EDITOR.

Office 2d. floor, Room No. 8, Opera Block.

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Six Months .90 Three Months .50

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We have three steam presses and all the new

styles of type. We shall keep up to the date

constantly increasing our stock, and shall at all

times be ready to execute anything from a visit-

ing card to a mammoth poster, at short notice and

at fair prices.

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCaughy, Attorney at Law, office

over McCall's Arcade Store, Erie street,

Massillon, Ohio.

C. COLE & REINOLD, Attorneys at Law and

Notaries Public, Office over Marks Bros. store

Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLSON & GARRETT, Attorneys at Law,

Rooms Nos. 11 and 12, Opera Block.

R. H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, Sibley's block

Erie street, Massillon, O. Will attend to

all business entrusted to his care in the Federal

Courts, Northern District of Ohio and Stark and

adjoining counties.

WILLIAM McILLAN, Attorney at Law, in

H. Beatty's block, in the rooms formerly

occupied by R. H. Folger.

R. A. PINN, Attorney at Law and Notary Pub-

lic. Office in Bannerlin's Block, Erie

street.

ISAAC ULMAN, Attorney at Law, Massillon,

Ohio. Office No. 16, East Main street, up

stairs. Business entrusted to his care in this and

adjoining counties and in the U. S. Courts will re-

ceive prompt attention.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio.

J. E. McLean, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massil-

lon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. S. Hunt, Presi-

dent, C. Steese, Cashier.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER SALLER, manufacturer and wholesale

dealer in Cigars. Factory corner Erie and Tre-

mont streets.

PHIL. BLUMENSCHIN, wholesale and retail

dealer in Cigars. Factory and store room

No. 59 West Main street.

DRUGGISTS.

ARTHUR FISHER & CO., Druggists and

Chemists. Prescriptions carefully com-

pounded. No. 3, South Erie street.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines,

and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy Ar-

ticles. Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House,

Massillon, Ohio.

MORGENTHAU & HEISTER, Druggists

and Bookbinders, dealers in Drugs, Patent

Medicines, Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, etc.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded

day and night.

DENTISTS.

D. W. JEFFRIES, Dentist, Beatty's Block,

4th Main street. Teeth inserted on hard rub-

ber-plate. Filling also attended to.

E. CHIDSTER, Dentist, over Humberger &

Son's store. Nitrous oxide gas adminis-

tered for painless extraction of teeth.

DRY GOODS.

WATKINS BROS., Dry Goods, Notions, Etc.,

No. 20, East Main street.

THE MASSILLON BEE HIVE CASH STORE,

special departments: Domestic Dry Goods,

Flies and Fancy Goods, Notions and Hosiery,

Carpet and Oil Cloths and Merchant Tailoring,

Almanac, Putnam & Leckly, Proprietors.

REEDS DRY GOODS STORE, Massillon, Ohio.

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in general Dry

Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 5

East Main street.

FURNITURE.

JAMES A. HACKETT, Furniture Dealer, Wall

Paper, Curtains, etc. No. 16, West Main st.

JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Up-

dater, No. 25 West Main street.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832. For-

warding and Commission Merchant and

dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware-

house in Atwater's Block, Exchange Street.

L. BRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocery and Provi-

sion Dealers, Quinsbury, etc. No. 25 East

Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and

Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc.

No. 5 South Erie Street.

F. J. VON KANSEL, West Side Jewelers, No.

5 West Main street.

PHYSICIANS:

H. B. GARRIGUS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Office hours: 9 to 10 A. M.

2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied

by Dr. Burdick. Near corner of Main and Erie

streets. Residence 34 East Main street.

H. C. ROYCE, M. D.

SURGEON.

Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.

12 P. M. to 2 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Prac-

tice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Mas-

sillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 A. M., 1 to 3

and 9 to 10 P. M. Office open day and night.

TINNERS.

HENRY F. OELKE, dealer in Stoves, Tin-

ware, House Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 14

West Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILD-

ING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash

Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

H. E. SPYDER & CO., manufacturers of Nov-

elty Saws, Stoves, Engines, Mill and

Miner Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Thresh-

ing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and

Tractor Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, etc.

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of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith

iron.

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turing Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bot-

tles, Planks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY

constructs all kinds of Bridges, Roofs and

general iron structures.

Massillon Railroad Time.

P. F. W. & C. R. R.

GOING WEST.

R. R. Time. City Time.

5:52 A. M. 4:27 A. M.

10:24 " 10:59 "

1:55 P. M. 2:30 P. M.

5:18 " 6:43 "

9:07 A. M. 9:42 A. M.

Local Freight 11:55 A. M. 12:30 "

GOING EAST.

1:12 P. M. 1:47 P. M.

12:04 P. M. Night 12:35 "

2:49 P. M. 3:24 P. M.

9:07 A. M. 9:42 A. M.

Local Freight 11:55 A. M. 12:30 "

C. L. & W. R. R.

New standard, 90th Meridian time.

Going North. Going South.

No. 2. 7:00 A. M. No. 1. 9:55 A. M.

6:37 P. M. 7:10 P. M.

6:00 A. M. 6:30 A. M.

2:40 P. M. 3:10 P. M.

1:00 A. M. 17. 11:10 A. M.

W. & L. E. R. R.

Going South. Going North.

No. 3. 6:40 A. M. No. 4. 8:30 A. M.

5:20 P. M. 6:00 P. M.

5:40 P. M. 6:20 P. M.

WM. McCLIMMONS. G. ALBRIGHT

Dealers in Promissory Notes, Manufacturers Scrip

and Exchange.

Collections made in all the towns and cities of

the United States.

Grman Deposit Bank,

PARK HOTEL BLOCK,

MASSILLON, O.,

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and Exchange.

Collections made in all the towns and cities of

the United States.

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James R. Dunn,

Administrator of the

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

AND

Dealer in Real Estate.

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., con-

sisting of

Fine Business Property,

Well located Residence Prop-

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And Nearly 200 Splendid

Building Lots.

All for sale on the most reasonable terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long

time for back payments. Remember these low

are scattered all over the city.

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CIGAR STORE

—AND—

BARBERSHOP.

J. J. BERNARD, Prop'r.

Come and see me for

Fine Cigars and Tobaccos.

A first-class tonsorial artist employed, and a nice

Clean Shave and Hair Cut

guaranteed. Don't forget the place—

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

MASSILLON, OHIO.

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CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—S. C. Bowman.

Clerk—J. M. White.

Solicitor—E. G. Willison.

Marshal—Adam Wendling.

Engineer—D. A. Miller.

Treasurer—J. W. Polz.

Council—1st Ward, George Snyder, Peter

Sailer, 2d Ward, Henry Huber, Wm. Overton; 3d

Ward, H. A. Williams, Robert Reay; 4th Ward,

Geo. Rink, George Buach.

Board of Education—S. A. Conrad, J. G. War-

wick, W. B. Humberger, Dr. T. C. Miller, W. H.

Justus and Henry Huber.

TOWNSHIP.

Trustees—C. N. Oberlin, Andrew Smith and

Abel James.

Clerk—Louis A. Koops.

Treasurer—Martin Schaefer.

Justices of the Peace—Thomas Blackburn, Jo-

siiah Frantz and R. H. Folger.

SOCIETIES.

MASSONIC.

Clinton Lodge, No. 47, meets in Masonic Hall,

Mill street, second and last Monday of each

month. W. S. S. Rogers, Sec'y.

Hiram Chapter, No. 18, meets in Masonic Hall,

first Tuesday of each month. Z. T. Baltzly,

Sec'y.

Massillon Commandery, No. 4, K. T., meets in

Masonic Hall, second Thursday of each month.

John A. Shoemaker, Recorder.

ODD FELLOWS.

Sippo Lodge, No. 48, meets in Odd Fellows Hall

corner of Main and Mill streets, every Monday

evening. Chas. Higginbotham, Sec'y.

Massillon Lodge, No. 484, (German) meets every

Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall, corner

of Main and Erie streets. John Kopp, Sec'y.

Eureka Encampment, No. 24, meets first and

third Fridays of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall,

corner of Main and Mill streets. H. Huber, Scribe.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Perry Lodge, No. 37, meets every Thursday evening

in Beatty's Block, Main street.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Tuesday Lodge, No. 70, meets every Tuesday

evening, in hall over Union National Bank.

G. A. R.

Hart Post No. 134 meets in K. P. Hall, on second

and fourth Friday of each month.

Henry Huber, Adjt.

S. O. V.

Daniel Ritter Camp No. 24 meet every first and

third Friday of each month in K. P. Hall.

Chas. G. King, Orderly Serg't.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Perry Grange No. 694, meets first and third Sat-

urdays of each month at 2 o'clock, in Walker's

Hall, Main street. Mrs. R. C. Eggert, Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL UNION.

Massillon Council of the National Union meets

on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month in the

A. O. U. W. Hall.

Ed

THE AMERICAN BEEF SUPPLY.

At the recent meeting of cattle-growers at Chicago the Hon. Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, addressed the convention upon "The American Beef Supply."

When the first accurate statistics of the cattle in this country were collected in 1850 it was found that we had in round numbers about 17,778,000; in 1860, 25,620,000; in 1870 this number had been reduced to 23,820,000; in 1880 there were 35,925,000, while in 1885 there are not far from 45,000,000. If a solid column should be formed twelve animals deep, one end resting at New York City, its center ending San Francisco, and its other arm reaching back to Boston, such a column would contain about the number which now forms the basis, the capital stock, so to speak, of the cattle industry of the United States. The value of these animals is not less than \$1,200,000,000.

But insidious cattle plagues exist in the country. To protect from these diseases State regulations and State restrictions upon the movement of cattle have been formulated, which during the last year have been the cause of the most serious disturbance and loss to those engaged in this industry in a considerable number of States. There are also annoying restrictions on our foreign trade. And contagious diseases are not confined to cattle alone. The swine industry is at this time perhaps the very greatest sufferer from them, and from all parts of the country comes up the cry for relief. Nor are these restrictions upon our foreign trade confined to cattle alone. Our sheep and swine are also slaughtered on the English docks with an even more destructive effect upon the traffic. The prohibition of our pork is only too well known; and the interest in a settlement of the range question is shared by the breeders of cattle, horses, and sheep.

With you are directly interested the breeders and owners of the 13,000,000 of horses and mules, of the 50,000,000 of sheep, and of the 45,000,000 of swine. In 1880 our railroads carried two and one-half times as many tons of live-stock as of cotton. The product of our animal industry in 1884, including meat, and labor, and dairy products, and wool, and lard, and tallow, and hides, etc., was four times as much as the gross earnings of all the railroad companies in the United States. Take the greatest crop produced in this country—the corn crop—and 72 per cent of that is dependent upon our animal industry for market. Take the great hay crop, and there is no other way to utilize it; and the oat crop, which mostly goes for animal food. The value of these three crops, which are marketed as animal food, of itself reaches \$1,000,000,000 a year. A contagious disease among cattle will have a double effect. It will increase the price of meat or other animal products without benefitting any one, because it will be more expensive to produce it. It will also reduce the value of these enormous crops I have mentioned because they can not be fed to the same advantage.

There is an impression throughout the country that the cattle business has been developed far beyond what is necessary or even prudent, but this is not the case. Notwithstanding the wonderful increase of the last fifteen years—an increase which it is safe to say will never be repeated in the same time in this country, for the lack of territory—we have just about the same number of cattle per thousand inhabitants that we had in 1850, and less than we had in 1860. In 1850 we had a population of 23,191,576 and 17,778,000 head of cattle, or 766 cattle to the thousand inhabitants; in 1860 we had 24 cattle to the thousand inhabitants; in 1880 we had but 716 head to the thousand; and if we estimate our population in 1885 at 57,000,000, and our cattle at 44,000,000 we would only have 772 to the 1,000 at this time. In other words, although our cattle have increased in an almost fabulous manner, our population has increased with equal rapidity. It is, however, only this new region that has so recently been developed west of the Mississippi that has enabled

the increase of our cattle to keep pace with the population. In 1850 we had in the states east of the Mississippi 722 cattle to the 1,000 inhabitants; in 1880 we had but 521 to the 1,000. And if we take the oldest settled states, like New York and Connecticut, we can see still more plainly what we are coming to in the near future. In 1850 New York had 606 cattle to the 1,000 inhabitants; in 1880 she had but 460. In 1850 Connecticut had 575 cattle to the 1,000 inhabitants; in 1880 she had but 380. Let us compare the figures for our old settled states with some of the European countries according to the latest statistics: New York 460 cattle to the 1,000 inhabitants, Connecticut 380, Germany 367, France 306, Great Britain and Ireland 297. This shows that our eastern states are rapidly approaching the condition of the European countries in the proportion of cattle to population, and if this proportion continues to decrease in New York in the future as rapidly as it has in the last thirty years it will be as low as in Germany within twenty-one years and as low as in Great Britain and Ireland in less than thirty years.

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Postal Savings-Banks for the United States.

In 1871 Postmaster-General Creswell recommended the establishment of postal savings depositories in connection with the United States post-offices, and two years later he discussed the subject very fully in his annual report. Several of his successors have renewed his recommendation with great earnestness. Hon. Thomas L. James, after referring to and highly approving of these recommendations, said: "It is my earnest conviction that a system of this description, if adopted, would inure, more than almost any other measure of public importance, to the benefit of the working people of the United States." In 1878 Hon. Horace Maynard brought before Congress a bill to establish a national savings depository, but no action was taken. Since then a number of efforts have been made to induce Congress to enact the necessary legislation. The latest of these efforts was made in 1882, under the leadership of Mr. Lacey, whose report from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads contains valuable information and suggestions on the subject. The bill which Mr. Lacey introduced, and which has recently been strongly endorsed by the State Charities Aid Association of

New York, and other advocates of postal savings-banks, provided that none but money-order offices should receive deposits; that no single deposit should be less than ten cents or more than one hundred dollars; that no one person should deposit more than one hundred dollars within thirty days, or have at any time more than five hundred dollars to his credit; and that interest at two per cent should be paid on all sums over three dollars and multiples of one dollar, beginning the first of the month following the deposit, and stopping the last of the month preceding the withdrawal. —Professor D. B. King, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

A Noble Boy.

There was no doubt but that Johnny Fitztop was the laziest and the most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong Johnny was sure to be blamed for it. One day the school-teacher missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on the desk a few minutes before. He threatened to punish the whole school in case the spectacles were not forthcoming.

"Now, boys, for the last time I tell whoever took those spectacles to come forward and own up that he did it. If he doesn't the whole class will be kept in for an hour after school."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and then Johnny held up his hand and asked, in an uncertain sort of voice, what the boy who took the spectacles would get.

"A good sound licking," thundered the teacher.

"Please, sir, I took the spectacles," said Johnny.

A painful scene ensued. At last the teacher got through, and, out of breath, was about to take his seat, when the door opened and his servant entered, bringing the spectacles.

"What! the spectacles at home," said the servant, "and I thought I would bring them over, as you can't see well without them."

"What! the spectacles?" exclaimed the school-teacher, very much astonished. Yes, there were his spectacles beyond a doubt. Just at this moment Johnny broke out into a dismal wail, and saying between sobs:

"O Lordy! O Lordy! and I have been licked for them very spectacles!"

"But, Johnny," said the astonished school-teacher, "how did you come to say you took the spectacles? It is a noble trait in your character, my boy, to sacrifice yourself for the good of the whole class, particularly when you are innocent."

"That's not why I said I took the spectacles," exclaimed Johnny.

"What is the reason?" asked the teacher.

"If I hadn't said I did it," explained Johnny, "I would have been kept in with the whole class, and when I'm kept in I don't get any dinner, and we've got pudding for dinner to-day." —*Texas Siftings*.

Antique Furniture.

Antique furniture is still very much sought after among the more fashionable people. The rage for it, however, has passed away and only really choice bit- command high prices. There are three establishments devoted to the business in Washington, one in Georgetown, and one in Alexandria. In these you may often find some very fine pieces. This is one of the oldest parts of the United States, and in early times it contained a very wealthy population. Much of the furniture of colonial days was imported from France or England, and it is not an uncommon thing to run across a relic of Washington or Jefferson in one of these antiquity shops. In one of the furniture stores of Alexandria, which was a hotel in Washington's day, they have for sale a bed in which it is said Washington used to sleep. I was offered once for \$35 the desk which Thaddeus Stevens used while he was in congress, and I know of houses in this city in which pieces of the furniture of Thomas Jefferson are in daily use. Calling upon Gen. Tyler, the gray-haired son of the president, last night, I took my seat upon a high, straight-backed, old-fashioned chair, which, upon my noticing, the general told me was over two hundred and fifty years old. It was brought by his ancestors to this country in sixteen hundred and something, and had been in the family ever since. It is of English oak, now turned by age to the color of the darkest of black walnut, and was so well made that not a crack or joint showed. Father Bassett, who for fifty years has been in the employ of the United States senate, has some of the finest old relics in Washington. Among them is an old-fashioned lamp which lighted the senate in the days of Van Buren's vice-presidency, and which for years sat on the vice-president's desk. Father Bassett prizes it highly, and would not sell it for the prettiest thing of to-day in porcelain or glass. —*Carp*, in *Cleveland Leader*.

Kisses by Mail.

A young postmaster of a village post-office was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 16 with a money-order which she desired cashed. She handed it with a bashful smile to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I can not make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young post-master read as follows: "I send you \$3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Oh, mother, but this post-office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money-order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It is the special-delivery system all hollow."

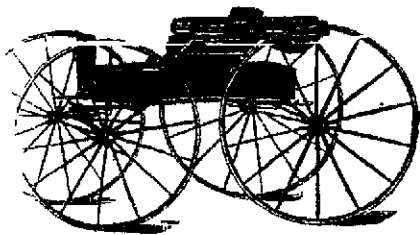
BODINE ROOFING
THE BEST IN THE WORLD

ADAPTED TO EVERY CLIMATE
RESISTS RA
THE M
KE ALL OTHER ROOFS
SNOW, HAIL, FROST, STEAM, SMOKE
Sulphurous Gases.
DURABLE ROOFING IN THE WORLD.

SOLD BY!
M. BROWN & SON,
Dealers in Lumber of all Kinds,
Mouldings, Sash, Doors and Blinds
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CITY CARRIAGE WORKS.

Corner of Tremont and Erie Streets



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—MANUFACTURER OF—
SS LIGHT CARRIAGES,
cons, and pring Wagons.

My work, for the State of Ohio, is given to the

REPAIRING DEPARTMENT

Blacksmithing, Rep stock, I am selling best makes of

COLUMBIA BUGGIES AND PHAETONS,

in the city, which I

Agent for the Watertown Platform Spring Wagons and Buggies,

s made in New York. Call and examine stock and Every vehicle guaranteed to be as represented.

PERRY H. YOUNG.

the best platform w prices before purch

RUSSELL & CO.'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL.

(SPECIFICATIONS BY)

The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.

Send for 1884 CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Thrashers and Saw Mills.

Address: RUSSELL & CO., Massillon, Ohio.

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(SUCCESSOR TO W. S. YOUNG.)

PROPRIETOR.

CITY LIVERY & SALE STABLE

South of Erie St. Mill and Plum Streets.

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SINGLE DOUBLE TURNOUTS

Second to none in the

in readiness at all times, delivered to any part of the city Rates moderate. Telephone 77.

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PROPRIETOR.

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For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all Disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the peculiarities of their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists, One Dollar a Bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

KEEP IT PURE.

The Life is the Blood—Prevent Disease—Surgery the Last Resort—A Telling Letter.

Here is a fact for you to think over, viz.: Medical science proves that diseases, no matter how great a variety they seem to have, proceed from comparatively few causes. It is for this reason that the same medicines will cure many different diseases. Some of them appearing almost directly opposite in their nature. When a medical preparation acts at once upon the digestive and urinary organs and also purifies the blood, the list of difficulties subject to its control is astonishing. But, while many things are said to possess this power, those which actually do ex-

It is conceded that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is the most effective preparation now in use for all diseases arising from a four or impure state of the blood. Hence it is more than likely that if the writer of the following letter had habitually taken Favorite Remedy ten years ago, he would never have suffered from Cancer.

Pittsfield, Mass., March 22, 1884.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
Dear Sir:—About six years ago I was obliged to resort to external treatment for the removal of a cancerous growth on my hip. On my return home, I became sensible that my blood needed a thorough cleansing. My whole system too, required toning up. While casting about for the best medicine to do this, your "Favorite Remedy" was so highly commended in my hearing that I resolved to try it. I did so, and the result surprised me, it was effected so quickly and completely. I soon got over the depression produced by the operation, and since the "Favorite Remedy" which I have continued to take in small doses, has kept me in such health and strength as I never had before, nor expected to have. It is the best blood purifier in the world. I am sure of that.

Yours, &c., Matthew Farrell.

In all cases when a consultation is deemed desirable.

Address:—Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. But if you have not done so, adopt Favorite Remedy as a household friend.

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A Crane's Tale, A. D. 1545.

She came from a land across the sea,
With the soft-faded priest with the hair of gold,
She told her name nor her mother's kin,
But ever they talked of the days of old;
Of beauteous men's ways, of popes and of kings,
Of the sunlight yellow and cornflowers red,
Of men forgotten, of by-past things,
Of the sorrow of living, the rest of the dead.
A palmer brought him a letter one day,
In the words they wrote far over the sea,
He kissed her lips so softly pale,
And sped him away to that far country.
Then over she watched at the door by day,
And oft she strayed in the cold moonlight;
Woe, woe she grew when the autumn came
And she died on All Souls' night.
We sent to the chantry for Ralph the priest—
The broad-chested man with the rosy brow,
She smiled when he came—a faint, cold smile,
"A priest! I shall never need one now."
So strangely she spoke, and when he said
The words that some time we all must hear,
She folded her thin hands over her breast—
"Will not we be for ever, the daylight's near."
"The saved pass not thus," said the chantry priest,
As he went his way, the prayers half said,
We could not deem that her soul was lost,
So we lighted the ghost candles round her bed.
—London Academy.

AUNT DEBORAH'S DRUDGE.

I had worked in Aunt Deborah's kitchen till nobody expected anything else of me. I had been retained in the house on sufferance at first, because Aunt Deborah's brother, my father, had run through all his property, and was only distinguished by his shiftlessness and the size of his family. I suppose I was never missed from that superabundant home circle; anyway, they never came to see me, nor ever inquired after me, that I know of.

Aunt Deborah had a great deal of company, being a rich and childless widow, and fond of society. But no one ever noticed me. I was not even snubbed, for it was not worth while to snub a mere drudge like me.

My cousin, Elsie Allston, was also a member of my aunt's family, but she received very different treatment from that which fell to my lot. Her father was aunt's favorite brother, therefore she was educated, and was understood to be certain of a home and life's comfort always, and of a fortune at Aunt Deborah's death.

Yet I did not envy my fortunate cousin, for while I was left alone, and at least took pride in the consciousness that I earned my own living, Elsie was continually being taunted with her dependence, and was kept in abject servility by her constant threats of disinheritance.

Elsie would have been kind to me if I had allowed it, but I had a sort of pride which forbade me to receive patronage from any one. I must be received on an equal footing, or not at all. The only pleasure of my life was unlimited liberty to use the books in my aunt's great and ever-increasing library. My rough work unfitted my hands for sewing, a fact for which I was sufficiently thankful, as it increased my leisure hours.

For the first two or three years of my stay I read novels exclusively. But one of the novels happened to have a noble and aspiring woman for its heroine. Somehow, the story of that life haunted me day and night, and I resolved to be something worthy of love and respect, whether I ever received my reward or not.

My first step was to map out a line of thought and conduct, and a course of reading. My intellectual nature was to be molded by some of the best books in my aunt's library, and that ideal woman of whom I had read was to be my moral lever, lifting me into an atmosphere of self-forgetting holiness and love. I believed that if Aunt Deborah's drudge had never had an opportunity of showing her devotion to the human race, her own soul would grow rich by the quiet effort.

It had been years since I formed this resolution when Mr. Gleason, forming one of a party of visitors, came to my aunt's house. But having company to cook for in the summer had come to be a settled thing, and all company meant to me was drudgery, and less time to read.

There was no prophetic voice to whisper to my heart, on the morning of Mr. Gleason's arrival, that my faith, my hope and my despair, my blessing and my misery had come to me. He was only one more guest, to be cooked for and to be waited upon by the drudge.

One day Elsie came to me with her sweet face tearful and pleading.
"You must help me, Hannah," said she.

"Help you do what, child?"
"To keep Aunt Deborah's good will and marry Mr. Gleason. You see Mr. Gleason is very poor, and if aunt threatens to disinherit me it may lessen my chances of getting him."

I think my astonishment and disgust showed themselves in my face as I answered:
"Have you so little confidence in your promised husband? So little faith, and yet willing to be his wife?"

She made an impatient gesture.
"You don't understand," she said slowly and unblushingly. "He has not asked me to be his wife, but he will. I am sure he will! He does not love me very much, but when we are married, and he sees my devotion, it will be different."

Then she put her face in my apron and sobbed bitterly, and I knew by her tears that she had many misgivings.
"How can I help you?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Elsie, dubiously, and for the time forgetting her troubles.
"There is something about you different from other servants—something strong and masterful; but I think you are troubled with morbid sensibilities. Promise that you'll help me if you can, Hannah."

"Yes I can make that promise with perfect safety," I replied.
I formed a little plan of action very speedily. That evening I went to Aunt Deborah's room, and being bidden to enter, my first words were:

"I suppose you mean to leave Elsie penniless if she marries a poor man?"
"Yes," replied she: "I have secured for her the offer of a very eligible husband. If she does not see fit to accept him, her future must be what she makes it."

"Then," said I, "Elsie's loss will be my gain, I hope. Don't fail to consider me after she has flung away her chances for some day becoming your mistress."

Aunt Deborah looked at me steadily for a moment, as if she felt inclined to think I was taking leave of my senses; then she sat in her chair and laughed.

long; laughed until her round face was very red indeed. As soon as she was in condition to speak she said:

"You had better have practiced a while on some one else before you tried to overcome my purpose with strategy. Your face betrays you. You are not earnest enough, and you are most mortally ashamed of yourself. You know that I am contrary, and you know that I am always angry with the person that wrongs Elsie; therefore you thought that by making me angry with yourself you could get me to vow eternal fidelity to Elsie. Not so. It is just as I have said. Elsie must obey me or she will not receive a penny from me. As for you, you have strength enough and ability to earn your own living. You know how to work, and do not care for the luxuries that money brings. You do not need any money, and, further, I do not believe you want it."

I turned away with a bitter smile. How little did my aunt know of my tastes, only because I was too proud to make them known! And my intended aid to Elsie had proved a failure.

The next afternoon, having had a leisure hour, I went into the library, intending to carry a book up to my room; but becoming interested in the volume I had selected, I forgot my purpose, and seated myself in an obscure corner. Not long after the door opened, and Mr. Gleason entered. He spent some time searching among the books, and at last turned to the door with empty hands and an air of disappointment. Then I arose and suggested that I might, perhaps, be able to find for him whatever he wanted.

He turned and surveyed me for a brief moment; then asked:

"Whom do I address?"
"Hannah Allston, the cook and floor-scrubber," I answered.

"I was searching for a work on architecture and I am disappointed at not finding it, because I wished to settle a warm argument, fast descending to dispute, which I left in full progress in the drawing-room. I am sure I could establish my point if I had the book I saw here yesterday."

I returned to the afore-mentioned corner and produced the volume I had been perusing with so much interest.

"This is probably what you were looking for, sir," I said.

He took the volume from my hand with evident pleasure and just as evident surprise.

"Ladies do not usually care for this sort of literature," he said apologetically, when he saw that I had read his face.

I replied:
"Ladies have little incentive to care for such things, because society promptly and most emphatically discourages all such indications of strong-mindedness. Of course it can make no difference to a woman whether the house she lives in is built in Corinthian, Doric, or Gothic style, or has no style at all. In her affection of pretty, childlike simplicity is considered very interesting, why need she aspire to become intelligent?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Allston. I think the days when a woman was admired for her ignorance may safely be named in the past tense."

"You are a man of society, and ought to know; but my small field of observation has shown me that some women, at least, affect frivolity and simplicity in the presence of company, from which I inferred that society admires that sort of women."

"Perhaps it does, after a fashion," he replied, with a smile. "But depend upon it, Miss Allston, the scepter of belshazzar was never yet wrested from an intelligent conversationalist by an ignorant woman, even though the brilliant woman has a much plainer face than the other. People love to be entertained, and one who can offer wit and wisdom without pedantry is sure to be admired, and, if she can add genuine unselfishness to her list of accomplishments, to be loved also."

"Perhaps," said I. "But have you not forgotten to return to the drawing-room?"
"Thank you for the reminder, Miss Allston; may I venture to hope that this will not be our last meeting?"

"I am, as I told you, a servant, and prefer not to be patronized. We met by accident. If we meet again I shall not recognize you."

He smiled good-humoredly, bowed, said: "We shall see," and turned away. I felt vexed with myself for having conversed so freely with a stranger, and made sundry good resolutions by which my future deportment was to be governed.

I do not understand what there was in the trifling event just narrated to stir my nature to its depths, but that night I did not close my eyes till 3 o'clock. I began to hate myself for having remained so long in a menial position without a single struggle to rise above it. A beautiful thought came to me at last with the suddenness of inspiration. I had in many instances proven myself to be a good nurse for the sick. I had more than once administered simple remedies with success in the absence of a physician. I had been fascinated by the study of anatomy and physiology; why not add to these a knowledge of therapeutics? Why not become a physician, practicing among women and children? The thought was healing oil to my troubled spirits, and I was soon asleep, happily ignorant of the long struggle entailed upon me by my resolution, of the cost of medical courses and the difficulty of persuading patients that a woman can be fit to undertake a "cure."

It was wonderful how often Mr. Gleason found it necessary after that to come to the pump at the kitchen door for a drink, and how he persisted in not noticing the glass I placed there for his accommodation, but must always come in to the kitchen, no matter how busy I was, and trouble me to get one for him, and pause awhile to talk.

I found out one thing. I could talk, and no one had ever tried to draw me out before.

I was not alarmed when I found that I watched eagerly for his coming. I told myself that no one whose friendship was worth craving had ever before treated me like a rational being and an equal, and that had this friend been a woman my love would have been just the same.

We talked on every subject, from the love of legends to international politics, and I never dreamed that it was more than the pleasure of speaking on subjects remote from puddings and pies that made me care for the society of Mr. Gleason.

I had a terrible awakening. One day

he was just leaving me when a voice on the lawn was heard to call out:

"Where's Mr. Gleason?"
"Down in the kitchen, I suppose, courting the cook," was the answer, more suggestive than ladylike.

It was not the heat of the stove that made my face burn at that moment, and the thought flashed into my mind that I had an unquestionable right to be courted, just as Mr. Gleason re-entered the room and said:

"That coarse jest on the lawn has made me resolve to ask you now what I had intended to defer to a later day. I love you Miss Allston; will you be my wife?"

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Gleason. Where is your honor, to trifle with the affections of Elsie, then seek to wed me? I am surprised beyond measure. I thought better of you. Go!"

"I cannot tell what you may have heard," he replied, with a pale, stern face, "but I have certainly been no more attentive to Miss Elsie than courtesy demanded. I had dared to hope for a different answer. You have accused me of dishonor. That parts us."

Then he was gone. The same day he departed from my Aunt Deborah's. "A sudden fancy for sketching among the mountains. Never thinks of anything but his art," complained the guests. The following day Elsie's engagement was announced to the person whom Aunt Deborah had chosen for her. She could not live without plenty of money, she said.

Six years passed, during the most of which I was not in communication with Aunt Deborah or any of my relatives, they having with one accord refused to forgive me for being "strong-minded," and persisting in the study of medicine. They were years of hard work and almost unendurable loneliness. I was engaged in professional labors in a village in Vermont.

One day a messenger came in great haste to call me to the bedside of a stranger who was very ill, perhaps dying. No male physician was to be found. Would I go? I hesitated but a single moment. How thankful was I afterward that I obeyed the impulse of mercy and cast aside that of prudery! It was Mr. Gleason!

When he became conscious, days afterward, he reached feebly for my hand and said:

"This is what I have been praying for. I have found you at last, Hannah."

That was five years ago, and now we have been married just four years and eleven months, and are as happy as mortals, subject to theague and their neighbor's chickens, can ever hope to be. On our marriage day I threatened to "throw physic to the dogs," but my husband said:

"No. You shall always be my physician."

He Guessed He'd Fight.

Politeness was born in him, and he couldn't help it. He drifted into a prominent town in the south soon after Johnson's surrender, and before anybody's temper had cooled down. He was after cotton, and he let the fact be known. He was from Connecticut, and he did not try to conceal it. He hadn't been in the town two hours before an "unregenerated" pulled his nose.

"Ah—yes!" said the man from Connecticut. "Was that accidental?"

"No, sir! No, sir!" was the fierce rejoinder.

"Did it a purpose, eh?"
"Of course I did!"

"Well, I shouldn't a-thought it of you! I'll pass it over as a case of temporary insanity."

An hour later, as he sat in the hotel, a fire-eater approached him and spit on his boots and stood and glared at him.

"You must have a wobble to your tongue if you can't spit straighter than that," said the man from Connecticut.

"I meant so, sir—I meant so!"

"Wanted to get me mad, eh?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"You shouldn't do so. When I'm roused I'm a hard man to handle. I'll excuse you on the grounds that you don't know me."

In the afternoon he was given a hint that he had better leave town at once, and, when he demurred, a lawyer sent him a challenge.

"What's it for?" asked the Yankee, as he read the missive.

"You insulted him, and he demands satisfaction," explained the messenger.

"Can't I argy the case with him?"

"No, sir!"

"S'pose I give him \$5 to settle?"

"He wants to fight you, sir. And you must either fight or he will horse-whip you!"

"Warm me up with a rawhide, eh?"

"He will!"

"Shoo! but who'd a thought it! Say, I'll gin him \$10."

"Sir! You likewise insult me!"

"Do, eh! I swan I didn't mean to! Then I've got to fight?"

"You have!"

"May get killed, or kill the other fellow?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm kinder sorry. I never had but one fight in my life, and then I got licked."

"You'll wait to be horsewhipped?"

"I rather guess not. I guess I'll fight. I'll choose rifles at twenty paces, and you kin pick out your own ground. Just let me know when it's to come off, and I'll try and be there."

It came off next morning. He was there. They offered him an opportunity to apologize, but he wouldn't touch it. He stood up as stiff as a new barn door, and bored a bullet hole through his man's shoulder, and came off without a scratch himself.

"Bein' as I'm out here now, and bein' as somebody else may want to horse-whip me to-morrow, wouldn't this be a good time for him to show up and save time?" he asked, as he leaned on his rifle and looked around him.

No one showed up. The Yankee liked the town and sent for his family. The people liked the Yankee and made him a postmaster, and he stuck there until five years ago.—*en York Sun.*

MCLELLAN'S WIFE.

Some Reflections of an Old Schoolmate of Mrs. McClellan.

I think, writes M. H. F. in the New York Mirror, that if a panorama of the principal events that will occur in a woman's life was unrolled before her at the age of 18, in nine cases out of ten she would promptly lie down and die. I used to think that I knew one cloudless female fate, but to-day, when the darkness of widowhood has settled upon the house of Nellie Marey McClellan, it is plain "her loss is the common lot of all."

It is so many years since I led the faculty of a Connecticut seminary the wildest sort of a life that I won't give the date. But my cheerful enormities endeared me to the older scholars, and in the graduating class I had one particular admirer and friend. This was a dark girl, with fine eyes and flashing white teeth—the daughter of Governor Marcy. What a nice girl she was! Clever, bright, and good as gold. There came a spasm of religious feeling across the face of Connecticut, and a trace of the convulsion struck the school. Nellie Marey was active in the little prayer meetings held after study hours. I, being the principal heathen in the immediate neighborhood, came in for great efforts. They generally put me in the middle and prayed all around me, but with little effect. It was like a thunderstorm in a telegraph office—made a great show but accomplished very little. Probably the Lord heard oftener from the state of Connecticut in those days than he has ever since. My own personal recollections of the period, and the lurid reminiscences of old folks with good memories lead me to think that my infancy was a season fit to rank with the dark days of 1812. Well, in those days Nellie Marey used to pray for all sorts of things, and one day when we were having a sort of prophetic prayer-meeting—just us two—Nellie said: "Now you know, dear, that if we are ever to marry, our husbands are now on the earth? Let us pray for them." We went at it at once, but with this difference—she prayed for him, I prayed for them; for even at that tender age I felt that rotation in office was the bulwark of successful government.

Those pleasant childish days went by; the morning of life deepened into afternoon, and Nellie Marey married George B. McClellan and became a very happy wife and mother. I doubt if any woman ever had a happier fate. She had a sturdy, healthy, manly man to look upon. She had a cheerful, bright-natured companion to turn to in every phase of life. There was everything to admire in his straightforward, unselfish, brave character. He was never mixed up with schemes that were spectacles. Every act of his career faced unflinchingly the blazing rays of public scrutiny, as an eagle, unflinching, gazes at the sun. He was a domestic man. No clubs exerted their alienating influences on his faithful heart, and for twenty-four years Nellie Marey had had all she prayed for in the little class room of the Hartford seminary—a good, true, loving husband. To-day the dear November wind comes sobbing to her from the grave that holds him, and in this one great crushing sorrow she is taking all the woe that is usually scattered in sections along life's track. Perhaps she is more to be pitied than the woman who has had her hard lot evenly distributed.

I don't know how it would be to survive such a husband as George B. McClellan. Seems to me, after all these years of loving companionship, the trembling fingers of a fair young daughter, the supporting arm of a gallant son could not detain me. I should steal away some night to the silent shadow of that grave. From out the sudden leaves that lie on that newly disturbed earth there would come an image of the dear one lying beneath. The broad, intangible breast would pillow the weary waiting head once more. The veinless lips would welcome the kisses that sought them in their icy bondage—and clinging thus to shadowy love, what more easy than to drift away from the moorings and break the silver thread that had been drawn too fine by the tug of separation and the weight of woe.

RICH MEN IN CONGRESS.

The Career of W. L. Scott from a Page to a Millionaire Congressman.

The richest man of the House is William L. Scott. He is a Democrat from Erie, Pa., and he is said to be worth \$12,000,000. Mr. Scott owns coal-mines, oil-lands, real-estate, and railroad bonds, and one of his fellow-Congressmen told me that he had interests in the most money-making institutions of Pennsylvania. He is a well-formed fellow of medium size, not over 45 years of age, and he carries about him the general air of a good, common-sense business-man. He has made his own money and it has not turned him into a snob. He is very popular among his friends and is known as especially fond of horses. His stables are among the finest in the country and his horses were among the best which raced during the last season. Mr. Scott lately said that he considered himself a blanked fool for having allowed himself to be elected to Congress. I imagine his desire to come in the first place arose from his old associations here at Washington. When he was a boy, away back in the forties, he served for eight years as a page in the House of Representatives. At that time his highest ambition must have been to be a Congressman some day. This desire clung to him throughout his money-making career, and it was this probably that actuated him in accepting the nomination.

When Scott was here as a page Henry Clay was still in the Senate, Daniel Webster was in his prime, and John C. Calhoun had yet many years to live. Though still a young man comparatively, he remembers all of these old stagers well, and can talk about them most interestingly. He was appointed a page from Virginia and he is descended from one of the oldest families of this part of the United States. His grandfather was appointed by Washington as the first Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and he was one of the most reliable and wealthy citizens of Maryland at that time. When the Capitol was built Congress was hard up for money, and it wanted to get \$150,000 from Maryland. The Maryland Legislature passed a bill granting the loan on condition that Congressmen Scott's grandfather would indorse the note of the United States for this amount. He did so, and the money

was lent. Afterward the Government borrowed two other sums of \$150,000 each from Maryland, and each time the Legislature required the indorsement of Judge Scott before they would grant the loan. Congressman Scott has rented a house next to Leland Stanford's on Farragut Square, and not far from the White House. A decorative artist from New York is furnishing it right royally, and I understand it will be quite a social centre during the Congressional season.

RICH MEN OF THE LOWER HOUSE.

Speaking of the rich men of Congress, there are many millionaires among the new members, and some of the old millionaires have been returned. New York, as usual heads the list. Perry Belmont has a fortune in his own right, and has millions in prospect. Abo Hewitt received several millions through the death of his father-in-law, Peter Cooper, and Archie Bliss is said to be several times a millionaire, though I understand he has lost money lately. George West, the new Congressman from Ballston, is the great paper factor, and has a million dollars in paper bags. Ira Davenport, who was defeated by Gov. Hill, is in the House and is rich. Editor Pulitzer owns a fortune as the proprietor of the New York World, and John Arnot of Elmira is a banker with a fortune of about \$3,000,000. As to the Pennsylvania millionaires there are Scott with his dozen millions, Tom Bayne of Pittsburgh, who gets about a million through his wife, and Harmer of Philadelphia, who has two or three millions invested in mines. A new Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania comes from Scranton, the great coal town which is named after his family, and Congressman Scranton is worth a fortune in coal and railroads. One of his ancestors was in Congress late in the fifties, and I am told that he was a member several years ago.

The other millionaires are scattered. Wisconsin has one, Mr. Stephenson, who owns a fortune in salt and real estate, and North Carolina has another named Green, whose money is invested in grapes, and who boasts that he has the largest vineyard east of the Rocky Mountains. The check of William Walter Phelps of New Jersey is good for several millions any day, and his son is now going around the world in his own yacht. Massachusetts has a number of Congressmen with comfortable incomes, and the wealthiest member of the Missouri delegation is a lawyer by profession, whose name is Burnes and whose home is at St. Joseph. Kentuckians here are boasting a great deal as to the possibilities of their two new members. Mr. Breckenridge and ex-Gov. McCreary. The latter is said to be wealthy. Connecticut has twice a millionaire in Charles L. Mitchell of New Haven, who is a director in twenty different corporations, and there is a new member from San Mateo, Cal., who is said to be worth half as much as Scott and has made his money in speculating in oil and mines. His name is Charles Felton. He is a young Republican and is a rollicking good fellow. There is only one rich man in the Ohio delegation, and his assets will not foot more than \$250,000. He is a young Democratic lawyer from Columbus, who got his fortune by marriage and whose name is Outhwaite. The Illinois delegation is said to have several millionaires, and authorities here put Dunham of Chicago, Mr. Hitt, who is wealthy by marriage, and A. J. Hopkins, who takes Ellwood's place, as among them. Louisiana has a sugar millionaire in one of its new members, Mr. Gay, and there are a number of other States which have Congressmen who are worth in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars and more. The great majority of the new members, however, are poor. Fully a hundred of the members of the Forty-ninth Congress will have little more than their salaries to live upon, and of the remainder there will be ten worth over \$50,000 to one who is worth over it.—*Wash. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Cattle on the Track.

"Do we try to avoid killing animals? We do when it is possible," said an old engineer. "But it is impossible to stop the train before reaching them; it is dangerous to lessen the speed, for when a train is moving slowly a big, healthy, steer is sometimes enabled to derail it. If I see I can't stop before reaching the animal I pull the throttle wide open and let her go. In going around a curve one night eight miles from Davenport, on the Rock Island, I saw a steer standing on the track. He did not move, but looked straight at the headlight. I opened the throttle and the next moment hit him. I felt the jar. He was literally chopped to pieces and the particles of flesh covered the headlight, so that I could not see until the next station was reached. The engine was covered from the pilot to the tender with blood and pieces of flesh."

"The worst animal to encounter on a railroad track," continued the engineer, "is sheep. Even if they are on the outside of the fence they will venture on the track when the first opening is reached. And the one that takes the lead is followed by all the rest. Hogs make a bad mess. I hit a drove one day while running fifty miles an hour. Realizing I could not stop before reaching them I let the engine have all she could take. There was a slight jar, and a moment later the porkers were flying in every direction to the sides of the track and over the engine. As the animals began falling the fireman sarcastically remarked, 'Fork is coming down.' That engine was the bloodiest and dirtiest ever taken to a shop. They were two days cleaning it."—*Davenport Gazette.*

"A deacon in a western town recently died," says the New York Commercial Advertiser. "His pastor soon paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved widow. She asked the minister if he would like to see the funeral wreath. He assented. She led him to the much-prized memento and pointed out its peculiarities. In a broken voice she said: 'The red flowers were made of his red flannels; the white ones of his white flannels.' The stamens were made of the collar shavings and pistils of his beard. The berries and buds were made of the pills that were left when he died, and the feathery part was made of the feathers of the last chicken dear James killed before he was taken ill.' All this she said without a pause for breath, and ended her glibly description of the treasured wreath by imploring the bewildered clergyman to lead in prayer."

Life in St. Petersburg.

Let us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy-minded traveler, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident, whose family ties and general interests—to say nothing of patriotism—bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chance to be attached to it by the arbitrariness of the police. The lodging-house, under circumstances like those, wears an aspect strikingly suggestive of the jail. Exigencies of state turn the communal dwelling-place and its picturesque survivals into an aggregation of cells, watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This functionary is a very Heimdall in sharpness of senses; he hears the faintest sounds, and sees without any light whatever; while his omnipresence when not wanted is far more complete than any magic carpet of Arabian tale could make it. This personage it is who mounts guard at the porte-cochere to watch entries and exits; it is he who sees that all new lodgers are promptly numbered and pigeon-holed at police headquarters; he who keeps a record of the personal habits, companions, and resorts of every man, woman, and child under his charge; he, too, who reports regularly to the authorities any "suspicious circumstances" which may come under his notice. If a christening, a wedding, or a funeral is to bring together a few friends, it is the house-porter who facilitates the intrusion of police spies, ready to snatch at any scrap of colloquial "sodition" capable of conversion into roubles or advancement. If a students' "literary evening" or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying-glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly consummating in the garb of the watch-dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the paid denunciator; never to "talk politics" save with relatives, or intimates incapable of treachery; to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or crases everything of "dangerous" tendency; not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your letter-box, and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession; to be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you; and to feel in regard to your own personal safety, and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly Oriental—all this is no more than a mere suggestion of what life is to thousands of persons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements of the general discontent, to the bitter emptiness of existence, to the longing for a life of nobler activities, you add the pangs of poverty and the sense of personal wrong, it cannot seem strange that in many of these lodging-houses, sensitive humanity should find its last and only safeguard against voluntary extinction in the hopes, the idealism, and the self-sacrifice of a political religion.—*Edmund Noble in December Atlantic.*

ASTHMA.
German Asthma Cure
Never fails to instantly relieve the most violent attack, and insure comfortable sleep. Used by inhalation, thus reaching the disease direct, relaxes the spasm, facilitates free expectoration, and effects a permanent cure. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its immediate, direct, and never failing effect. Price, 50c., and \$1.00. Trial package free. Of druggist or by mail, for stamp. Get this cure.
Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

HOSSETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

HARDWARE!

S. A. Conrad & Co.
MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,
dealers in Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selection of
COACH TRIMMINGS, SADDLERY, CUTLERY
with a large stock of
Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,
Paints, Glass, Etc.,

Massillon Independent,

O. W. THOMAS. - - - EDITOR.

THE Canton Democrat seems to have an antipathy to Senator Payne. It really seems very strange.

THE Legislature convened on Monday, and notwithstanding the scheming of our Democratic friends, the House organization was completed with very little friction. The Democrats made use of every means they could command to elect Cowgill Speaker, but it was a failure; there were no traitors in the Republican ranks.

As an indication of the position the labor question is to take in politics in the near future, it is only necessary to follow the contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives at its recent organization. Mr. Cowgill, of Champaign county, was a prominent candidate before the Republican caucus for the position. His qualifications for the office were good, but owing to certain circumstances, the most prominent among which was the fact that on two separate occasions he had voted in opposition to certain measures intended to benefit the condition of the laboring classes of the State of Ohio, he was overwhelmingly defeated. It was not attempted to make it appear that this question did not bear upon the matter, but it was acknowledged by all parties to be the most important question for the party to consider in making its nominations. The problem of labor will compel some sort of legislation and the sooner our legislators apply themselves to the matter, and put it out of the way by some wise measure, the better will it be for the prosperity of the country. The theory that the law of supply and demand should and must control this matter is all right, but, as with many other matters, it is very difficult to put the theory into practice, or rather to let it take its own course. When a class of men feel that they are being imposed upon by a certain other class, whether the facts will bear out their belief or not, and these same men are suffering for the want of proper food and clothing, it is an utter impossibility to make them see the beauties of any fine spun theory. They see their immediate necessities, and take the remedy into their own hands. It is an indisputable fact that a great many capitalists do impose upon and grind down their employees, and as a result of this, employers who are disposed to do what is right and just toward employees are unable to compete business and make a profit. The man who can suggest a practical remedy for the present state of affairs, will be a public benefactor.

A SCHEME is on foot to abandon the entire canal system of the State. It is what might be expected to follow in the wake of the recommendation of Engineer Snyder, to abandon the Ohio Canal throughout its entire length. The proposed plan is being pushed by the Standard Oil Company and its agents. They will first show that the canal system of the State is not self-sustaining, and that the people of the State are receiving no returns for the money spent in keeping the various canals in repair. It will be claimed that the State pays out \$100,000 a year for this purpose. A company is to be organized who will offer to rent the canals, and thus make them a revenue instead of an expense. By this means they hope to get into their possession a very valuable piece of property in such a way that they can devote it to what ever purpose they see fit. They will then bring forward the last step, which is to build a railroad along the bed of the canal. By this means they will have a grade already prepared, and will be enabled to build a road at a very small cost. The perfect engineering requisite to a canal would make the task of constructing a railroad cheap and easy, and \$2,000 per mile would pay for grading, straightening curves and ironing, with something left for equipment. The net cost, therefore, for 750 miles of railroad would be \$1,500,000, and a rental of \$75,000 per year. Another million would fully equip the system, making the total cost \$2,500,000, six per cent. interest on which, with the rental would make the fixed interest charge of \$225,000 per annum. With

the iron laid and the equipments on, at a very low estimate, the road would be worth \$10,000 per mile, or \$7,500,000, the cost of which, with the first year's interest charge, would be \$2,725,000. Here is what the Standard Company would have to show for \$2,725,000 invested:

750 miles of road at \$10,000 per mile.....	\$7,500,000
80,000 acres of land at \$50 per acre.....	4,000,000
Cincinnati real estate.....	1,000,000
Dayton real estate.....	500,000
Toledo real estate.....	500,000
Cleveland real estate.....	500,000
Columbus real estate.....	500,000
Zanesville real estate.....	500,000
Other cities and towns.....	500,000
Total.....	\$15,000,000
Rebated cost.....	2,725,000
Net profit.....	\$12,275,000

And what is it proposed—or rather will be—to give the State in return for this \$15,000,000 worth of property? \$75,000, or just one-half of one per cent. annually. The enormity of the steal can readily be seen. The people of the State of Ohio must keep their eye on this scheme.

Testimonial.

In behalf of the Massillon Rod and Gun Club, the undersigned beg leave to express in this formal manner, their appreciation of, and thanks for the delightful entertainment tendered to the members of the club by Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bayliss, on the 29th of December, at the Waverly Hotel. Such a profusion of substantial and dainty viands, coupled with such genial hospitality, it has seldom been our good fortune to enjoy.

The occasion could not fail to make the outside world envious, and the bold sportsmen correspondingly proud of the reputation for "deeds of valor and renown" which could move our good hosts to do us so much honor.

After a season of such laborious effort and fierce competition, it was a most happy thought which inspired this evening of refreshment and reminiscence. No less happy was the idea of offering us a game supper, thus affording us an opportunity of seeing the birds we so seldom meet elsewhere. And we were not a bit afraid! In the face of a common danger not a man among us quailed, but forgetting all strife, we stood together equals,—all were "muzzle loaders" and, at the close of the banquet, regular "choke bores." The champions made common war upon the quail and duck, while that precious pair of greenhorns, the "long and short" of the club, whose prowess in the field and weekly contests for the leather medal, have won them such renown, clung together still, through "thick and thin" as it were, and, after scoring equally on single birds from the top of the menu to the coffee, finally tied on "chestnuts."

Many and hearty were the expressions of thanks after the repast, and the members are unanimously agreed to accept Mr. Bayliss' invitation, whenever he summons courage to invite us again.

JAMES R. DENN,
FRANK A. BROWN,
Committee

A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and unimpaired?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranche and cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

This company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a \$100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining \$50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, fee, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1000 bonds and receive one, five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and this money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—The N. Y. Financial, 29y

The Illustrated Graphic, of January 16th, will contain a double page illustration of the Cherokee Nation, again brought so prominently before the public by the leasing of six million acres of their land. Pictures will be given of Chief Bushyhead and other prominent Cherokees, and of their principal buildings. Accompanying this pictorial effort will be a full and interesting history of the Nation, by the well-known author, John E. Musick.

A Valuable Book.

We have just received from the enterprising publishers, A. H. Andrews & Co., a most useful little volume, suggestively called "Look Within for Five Thousand Facts that Everybody wants to know." It contains 75 pages of condensed information on Mechanics, Statistics, History, Medicine, Astronomy, Finance, Mythology, Education, Mathematics, the Bible, Politics, Agriculture, Religion, Science, Temperance, Trade, etc., etc., in fact there seems to be something for everybody and nothing that somebody will not be glad to know. It is embellished with a number of colored diagrams, and is by far the most valuable and complete Pocket Cyclopaedia we have yet seen. It is offered for sale at the exceedingly low price of 25 cents, for which sum in stamps it will be sent postpaid by the publishers, A. H. Andrews & Co., Chicago.

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COUGH CURE

Absolutely
SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.

ST. JACOBS OIL

GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain

Report of the Condition
—OF—
The Union National Bank.

At Massillon, in the State of Ohio, at the close of business, Dec. 24, 1885.
RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....	\$188,998 29
Overdrafts.....	406 20
U. S. Bonds to secure deposits.....	100,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents.....	28,311 91
Due from other National banks.....	6,082 75
Due from State banks and bankers.....	7,488 77
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....	9,001 00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	617 73
Checks and other cash items.....	2,530 82
Profits of other banks.....	4,556 00
Specie.....	11,364 10
Legal tender notes.....	1,585 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 5 per cent. of circulation.....	3,100 40
Total.....	\$301,892 57

Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund.....	50,000 00
Undivided profits.....	5,284 73
National bank notes outstanding.....	90,000 00
Due from unpaid.....	300 00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	80,683 86
Demands certificates of deposit.....	33,728 47
Due to other National Banks.....	1,530 78
Due to State banks and bankers.....	249 73
Total.....	\$301,892 57

State of Ohio,)
County of Stark,)
I, J. H. Hunt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. H. HUNT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1885.
JOHN O. GARRETT, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
J. E. McLAIN, {
C. L. McLAIN, { Directors.
JAS. R. DUNN, }

An Ordinance

To establish the width and line of a part of South Erie street, from the northern boundary line of Wetmore street to a stone set in the centre line of Erie street, near the southern boundary line of Dietrich's addition.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Massillon that the width and centre line of part of South Erie street is hereby established, as follows: Beginning at a stone which sets in the centre line of Erie street, where the northern boundary line of Dietrich's street will meet said point of beginning, at which place Erie street shall be 78 feet in width, and measure from said stone at a right angle from the centre line of Erie street, and extend thereof 39 feet; thence in a straight line with the original centre line of Erie street 2,385 feet to a stone in the centre line of Erie street, at which point the street shall be 68 feet in width, and shall measure from the corner of the lot at stone 34 feet to the eastern and western boundary line of said Erie street; thence along the centre line of said street 228 1/2 feet, at an angle of fifty (50) degrees to the right, and from the original centre line of Erie street to another stone, where the width of South Erie street is 66 feet, and shall measure from the centre of said stone 33 feet each way to the eastern and western boundary line of said South Erie street.

SEC. 2. All ordinances or part of ordinances conflicting with the foregoing section of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force after passage and publication.
MASSILLON, Dec. 9, 1885.

PETER SAILER, President.

ATTEST:
J. R. WHITE, City Clerk.

I certify the foregoing ordinance was published in the Massillon Independent January 8, 1886.
J. R. WHITE, City Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer his wife, whose residences are to the plaintiff unknown, will take notice that Isaac B. Dangler, of the County of Stark, in the State of Ohio, did, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1885, file his petition in the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Stark and State of Ohio, against the said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer his wife, defendants, setting forth that said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer did, on the 25th day of October, 1876, execute and deliver to said Isaac B. Dangler, a mortgage on lot number 19, of Kracker's second addition to the city of Massillon, in said county of Stark, to secure the payment of \$81, according to a certain note referred to in said mortgage, praying that said defendants may pay said sum with its interest at eight per cent., or that said premises may be sold to pay the same, and said Joseph Kramer and Mary Kramer, are notified that they are required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 16th day of January, A. D. 1886.

By R. A. Pinn, His Atty. JAS. E. DUNN, 24y

Notice.

On the 7th day of December 1885, the Probate Court, of Stark county, Ohio, decreed the estate of Charles Essmeyer, deceased, to be publicly sold. Conditions are therefore set on file to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, administrator, within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment. W. H. HAY DEN, Administrator of Charles Essmeyer's estate.

Assignee's Notice.

THE undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of West Potomac, a corporation, and said assignee will make immediate payment of all claims against the said corporation, duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

J. R. WHITE, Assignee.
Massillon, Ohio, Nov. 4, 1885.

Watkins Bros.

Respectfully invite your attention to the many bargains they are offering throughout their establishment, and you will find it to your advantage to see the inducements offered to buyers of Dry Goods, Notions and Cloaks. Our stock will be found complete in every department, and goods marked so low that you will find it a pleasure to deal with us.

We will only make brief mention of a few of the many bargains we offer you:

One Case 56-Inch All Wool Ladies' Cloth at 67½ Cents. PRICE ELSEWHERE, 87½ CENTS.

Fine Satins, Cashmeres, Coupures, Bourettes, Boucles, Brocade and Striped Dress Goods, all in the latest shades.

One Case 36-Inch Cashmeres and Satins, 12½ Cents. One Case Brocade Dress Goods, 5 Cents.

Silks, Velvets and Velvetens. Our Cloak Room is stocked with Winter Wraps of every description, at prices which are bound to interest every lady intending to buy a Wrap.

Ladies' Cloth Newmarket Coats and Circulars from \$3 up. Childrens' and Misses' Coats from \$1.50 up. Elegant Brocade Velvet, Boucle, Plush and Beaver Coats at prices that will make them sell at sight. Blankets, Flannels and Yarns. Woolen and Merino Hosiery and Underwear, in medium and light weight goods, for Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' wear, at prices to suit every one. Corsets, Neckwear, Ribbons and Fancy Goods. Soliciting your trade, we are Very Respectfully,

WATKINS BROS.,
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
20 East Main St. MASSILLON, O.

Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.
Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel.

WEST MAIN STREET,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

TANITE

EMERY WHEELS.

COLUMBUS,
McCune, Lonnis & Griswold.

CLEVELAND
York & Benton.

TOLEDO,
Bostwick, Braun & Co.

CINCINNATI,
T. & A. Pickering,
Woodrough & McParlin.

Newspaper Advertising.

DOUCHY & CO.,

72 Park Place and 24-26 Murray St., New York.
Make lowest rates on all newspapers in the U. S. and Canada. Established in 1867.
Send for new catalogue just out. Parties contemplating a line of advertising, large or small, are requested to send for estimate of cost. Please name this paper.

LADIES!

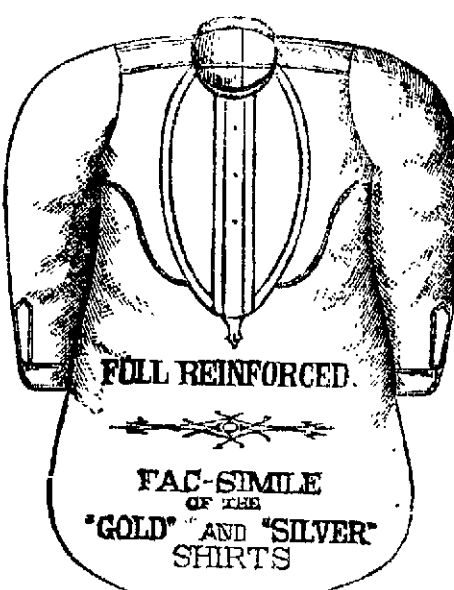
With Hanover's Tailor System you can cut dresses to fit, without oral instructions. Dress-makers pronounce it perfect. Price for System, Book and Double Tracing Wheel, \$6.50. TO INTRODUCE
A System, Book and Wheel will be sent on receipt of \$1.00. Address:
JOHN C. HANOVER, Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A two-story house with four rooms, good cellar and water. Located on Clay street near City Engine at Rolling Mill office.

Legal Notice.

Almyra Bells,)
Plaintiff, vs.)
Justice of the Peace)
Franklin Mank,) in and for Perry town)
Defendant.)
On the 21st day of December, 1885, the above Justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of \$26.
Respy
Attorney for Plaintiff,
January 1st, 1886.



S. OBERLIN'S SONS

are Sole Agents for the above Shirts in Massillon
It is impossible to get a better fitting Shirt than the

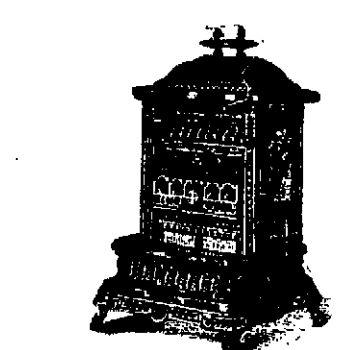
GOLD AND SILVER

Gold, Unlaundried—Silver, Laundried

H. F. OEHLER'S

Cash Store

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR



STOVES, RANGES,

House Furnishing Goods.

Roofing & Spouting

comply attended to.
14 W. Main St. - - - MASSILLON.

Notice to Stockholders.

The regular annual meeting of Stockholders of the Union National Bank, of Massillon, O., for the election of Directors, will be held at the office of said bank on Tuesday January 12th, 1886 at 10 a. m.
J. H. Hunt.

Cabinet Work.

AMOS GIROD,
for a number of years past an employee of the late Peter Shauf, will continue the business as before, manufacturing

Bank and Store Counters.

Saloon and Bar Fixtures,

—AND—

General Cabinet Work.

Also has control of the

Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator, for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.
Yours truly,
Amos Girod.

June 12-17

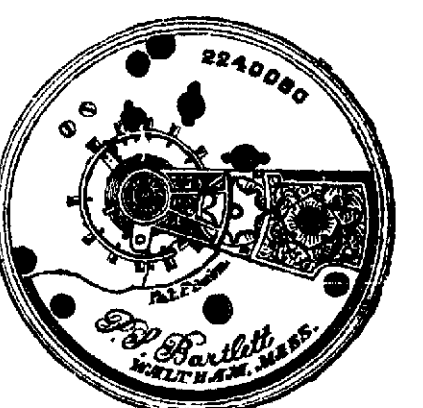
For Rent.

Two of the most desirable dwelling houses in the city located on West Tremont street. One containing six and the other seven rooms. All accommodations. Call on R. A. PINN, Hammerlin's Block for particulars.

June 12-17

R. KIRKPATRICK,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.



ALL WORK WARRANTED.

25-3m
Cor. Mill and Tremont Streets.

WEST SIDE COAL YARD.

From and after this date my different kinds of Coal will be delivered at the following prices:

Pure assillon Lump	\$2.50
Brush Hill Lump	2.50
Wheeling Creek Lump	2.50
Massillon & Cannel Lump	2.20
Massillon Nut	2.00
Leave orders at E. Hering's West Side Grocery, J. J. Bernard's Cigar Store, Opera Block, and at Kitchen Mill.	
Respy	
16-3m Telephone No. 81.	J. L. GREEN.

Home and Neighborhood.

Local reading notices set in Brevier type—the size of type used on this page—five cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Reading notices set in larger type, ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. No single notice inserted for less than twenty-five cents.

Mr. C. A. Gates is in Cincinnati.

Look out! The grand jury is in session this week.

Mr. Karl F. Miller is absent from the city upon business.

The flats along the river were covered with water the fore part of the week.

Park Hotel no more—"Conrad House" is the way the sign reads since New Year's.

Burglars entered the Walhonding Cafe last Saturday night, and stole nine boxes of cigars.

Mr. Philip Geis has traded his home in this place for the Heister farm, lying seven miles west of town. He will move onto the farm about the 1st of March.

Mayor Bowman, Marshal Wendling and Officer Pepper were in Canton Monday before the grand jury in regard to the robbery committed in November by Joseph Zollers.

At the last meeting of Perry Grange the members presented Mrs. J. W. Eggert with a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, as a token of their appreciation of her services.

A meeting of the Episcopal Mite Society will be held this afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. Frank Brown. A full attendance is desired as the annual election of officers will take place.

The natural gas well will be abandoned. The projectors of the scheme having declined to advance further capital. Another may be sunk in a different part of the city and by other parties.

Mr. C. W. Russell is raising some very fine poultry. A Brown Leghorn pullet that he had on exhibition at the Poultry shows at Wheeling, on December 29, 30 and 31, took the first premium in her class, securing 96 points.

Persons traveling over the Richville road on New Year's day were greeted with rather a remarkable sight for this climate. Mr. — Roush was to be seen plowing in a fifteen acre field. He had pretty nearly completed his task.

Miss Lydia Bayless entertained quite handsomely last Monday evening, at the Waverly Hotel. Thirty young people partook of a more elegant supper than has been served at any party this winter. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Knights of Pythias lodge of this place: C. C. John Mong; V. C. Tictor Burnett; Prelate, Jacob Kalbfleisch; M. of E., Z. T. Baltzy; M. of F., Henry Lantz; K. of R. and S., L. H. Strobel; M. at A., J. R. Hunter.

The extensive manufacturing establishment of A. W. Coats & Co., of Alliance, was closed by the Sheriff on Friday morning, a judgement for \$4,250 having been received by the Alliance Banking Company. The establishment has been placed in the hands of Mr. D. C. Freer, until the judgement has been settled.

Massillon Commandery, K. T., will give its annual banquet and grand ball on January 21st. These have always been most perfect events. The banquet will be in charge of Mr. E. B. Bayless. A number of Sir Knights and ladies are expected from neighboring cities and those who are permitted to attend may consider themselves especially favored.

The suit of Ohio vs. John Fields, wherein Mr. Fields was bound over to Court of Common Pleas in the sum of \$200, affords the hotel loungers and all men of leisure a splendid topic of conversation. It remains to be seen whether or not Mr. Fields can consult his own pleasure in waiving the glittering blade over the visages of his dusky compatriots.

As a result of a petition from the owners of the ground upon which the Niagara Rink stands, that building was placed in the hands of Mr. Otto E. Young, as receiver. The rink has been run during the year past by Messrs. Williams & Roberts, of Youngstown, but as this has been a poor season for amusements it has not been a paying investment.

Professor Alexander Guillet, A. M., of the Chaptal University, Paris, will have a class in French in this city. The professor will be in the city to-day arranging for the class, whose lessons will soon begin. The conversational or natural method of instruction will be used. Full information can be obtained from Warren E. Russ II, F. L. Baldwin or Charles Steese, Esq. A large number have already signified their intention of joining the class.

In everything except outside appearances the Park Hotel is a thing of the past. The interior of the building has been undergoing a thorough repair for some time, which has been completed this week, and the house is now equal to any of its size for convenience and comfort. The office and reading-room were the last portions finished. Both have been elegantly papered by Messrs. Glessner & Walker, and an elegant new counter placed in the office. The name has been changed to "Conrad House," which is in compliment to the propri-

etor, Mr. Conrad not being aware of the intended change until the sign was put up.

At a special meeting of the Organ Fund Society of St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, held on Wednesday afternoon, January 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. A. J. Ricks; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Edward Kemp, Mrs. Edward Upham, Mrs. Jacob Bucher; Treasurer, Mrs. Eliza Bachtel; Secretary, Miss Reilly; Buyer, Miss Rudenstain; Assistant, Miss Dangler; Committee on Work, Mrs. Frank Killinger, Mrs. Thomas Dillon, Mrs. James Paul, Mrs. James R. Dunn and Mrs. Theodore Focke.

Our genial postmaster, Captain R. B. Crawford, was very pleasantly surprised on New Year's Eve by the surviving members of the Thirteenth O. V. I. It was the anniversary of the battle of Murfreesboro' or Stone River. They passed a most pleasant evening chatting over war memories.

It was in this battle that the gallant old One Hundred and Thirteenth lost most heavily, and in which Captain Murphy was killed. Company A went into the fight with sixty-four men and left forty-five on the field at the close.

Mr. John Ebersole, a young man about thirty-five years of age, smooth face, five feet eleven inches high, started from his father's farm, three miles from Beach City, last Friday morning, bound for Massillon. Since then nothing has been heard from him. He had a large sum of money on his person, his mission to Massillon being to pay a note. Mr. Ebersole did not reach this city, at least the note has not been paid. As he is a man of regular habits and good character his friends fear there has been foul play. A vigorous investigation is being given the case.

Mr. Otto Uhlendorff was the luck man in the raffle that took place at the Waverly House last Saturday evening, in which a horse and carriage was at stake. Three hundred tickets were out, two hundred of which were held in Massillon and one hundred in Canton. By consent, it was agreed that the two hundred and sixty-eight number drawn should be the winning one. That number was 297. Previous to the drawing Mr. Uhlendorff had told Mr. Snively, in answer to an inquiry as to the value of the outfit, that if he drew it he would take \$200. Mr. Snively reminded him of his statement and offered him \$200, which was taken.

The Stark county bar has put on foot an effort to secure another judge for this judicial district. As is no doubt well known to most of our readers, and was stated by Judge Pease at the session of the Bar Association last Monday morning, the Common Pleas Court is nearly two years behind the docket. The movement for the election of another judge, is an effort to remedy this state affairs. For the purpose of presenting the needs of the Ninth district before the Legislature this winter, a meeting of the Bar Association, was held last Monday morning, and a committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions for presentation to the Legislature.

The trial of Constable Pomeroy, of Canal Fulton, and Dalwick Kirk, his assistant, for robbery, on a charge preferred by Moses Clay, excited considerable interest. Quite a large number of witnesses were examined, but the testimony was not sufficient to convict and the prisoners were released. It appears in the evidence that Mr. Clay had made threats that he would get even with the officers, and this, taken with the scanty evidence has led to some bitterness of feeling on the part of Mr. Pomeroy, who threatens to bring a suit for damages against Mr. Clay on the ground of malicious prosecution and defamation of character.

On Tuesday, a case was heard before Justice Frantz that was out of the usual order, and for that reason quite interesting. The suit in question was brought by Albert Grant against John Fields, who is proprietor of the new barber shop under the German Deposit Bank. It seems that a few days ago Mr. Grant went into Mr. Fields' shop and asked to have his hair cut, which Fields refused to do, on the ground of color. Feeling this an unwarrantable insult Mr. Grant brought suit against the barber and had him arraigned before Justice Frantz under the civil rights bill. The defendant waived an examination, and was bound over to court in the sum of \$200. It is generally believed that Fields will be found guilty.

The Rod and Gun Club held a special meeting on their grounds, on New Year's day, and enjoyed some fine sport. Several contests at sweepstakes of five birds each, were shot, the winners being as follows: First, a tie between Loeffler and Uhlendorff with five birds each; second, a tie between Sharpnack and Borden with 4 birds each; third, Sharpnack 4; fourth, Loeffler 5; fifth, Loeffler 5; sixth, Uhlendorff 5; seventh, two pair double birds, tie between Uhlendorff and Shauf; eighth, tie between Loeffler and Clutz, each 3 birds. Philip Blumenschein gave an exhibition at 7 single birds, killing six. An attempt was made by Lew Shauf, to hit a base ball three times in five the ball being thrown to the height of fifty feet from a point 150 feet distant, but it was a failure, he missed the first three balls.

Quite a number of people gathered in the K. P. hall, last Friday evening, to witness the public installation of the officers

of the Sons of Veterans. Following is the list: C. E. Tinkler, Captain; H. C. Fuller, First Lieutenant; Harry Segner, Second Lieutenant; Harry Rider, James K. Peacock and Edward Gleitsman, Camp Council; John Kay, Delegate; Harry Rider, Alternate. The Captain on assuming the chair, appointed the following staff: Chas. G. King, Orderly Sergeant; James N. Merwin, Quartermaster Sergeant; George Hankins, Chaplain; John Martin, Sergeant of the Guard; Samuel Hankins, Color Sergeant; James K. Peacock, Musician; George Crawford, Corporal of the Guard; William Sphuler, Inner Picket; George Wagner, Outer Picket.

George Mangold, who has been employed in Valkmer's livery stable some time, concluded to leave New Year's night. While he was going he seemed to think he might as well take something with him, so he took two watches, one belonging to the office and the other to another employe and some money also belonging to his fellow-workman. He then saddled a horse to ride and skipped out. He was arrested at Canal Fulton on Saturday and brought to town by Marshal Wendling. He plead guilty before Mayor Bowman to everything but stealing the horse, denying all knowledge of that. The horse was found outside the barn that night but bore no evidence of having been ridden. It is hard to explain how it got out and was saddled and bridled unless Mangold did it as the other employes knew nothing of it. He was bound over to court in a bond of \$300.

At a large meeting of the Congregation of St. Timothy's Episcopal church, after Divine service on Wednesday evening, January 6th, there was effected an organization which promises well for earnest church work. The main organization is to be known as St. Timothy's Guild, and its various branches are designated as the Ladies' Sewing Society, Ladies Mite Society, Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, Missionary or Mission School Workers, Missionary Collectors, Children's Sewing School, Sanctuary or Church Interior Committee, Young People's Musical and Literary Society, and a Young Men's Church Improvement Association. Almost all of these branch societies were formed then and there with a very good membership in each. The good people of St. Timothy will be kept pretty busy, and they hope for good results from their labors under the able and energetic leadership of their new rector.

The roughs of Wellsboro took possession of the town for a short time Christmas day, and for half an hour pandemonium reigned supreme. A tough named Roxbury became embroiled with the notorious Dennis family, and in the racket was stabbed in the arm. Roxbury retreated to the railroad depot, but was followed closely by Bill Dennis. Roxbury then fired two shots, the second taking effect in Bill's heel, seriously shattering the bone. At this juncture, the whole Dennis family appeared on the scene, making the most warlike demonstrations but was held at bay by Roxbury's revolver. Finally, John Dennis tackled Roxbury, but received a bullet in his abdomen, producing a fatal wound. While in this condition, however, John Dennis wrested the revolver from his assailant, and beat him in a fearful manner. The police finally arrested Roxbury, and the wounded Dennis were taken home. John Dennis will probably die.—Buckeye.

The following is a report for the year 1885, of interments in the Massillon cemetery, prepared by E. M. Merrill, sexton. Of the total number, 78 were from Massillon, 1 from Navarre, 3 from Pittsburgh, 1 from Cincinnati, 1 from Cleveland, 1 from St. Paul, 1 from New York, 1 from Omaha, 3 from Canton, 1 from Youngstown, 1 from Chapman, 1 from Colorado, 6 from Perry township, 4 from Jackson township, 4 from Lawrence township, 4 from Tuscarawas township, 1 from Bethlehem township, 1 from Richville, 1 from Pauls Station and 1 from Indiana, making a total of 115. Twenty-five were under 1 year old; 17 were from 1 to 5; 3, from 5 to 10; 4, from 10 to 20; 4, from 20 to 30; 15, from 30 to 40; 10, from 40 to 50; 19, from 50 to 60; 10, from 60 to 70; 13, from 70 to 80; 3, from 80 to 90; and 1 who was over 90.

In January their were 5 males and 5 females buried; in February, 4 males and 5 females; March, 2 males and 4 females; April, 8 males and 3 females; May, 5 males and 1 female; June, 6 males and 3 females; July, 7 males and 4 females; August, 5 males and 10 females; September, 5 males and 4 females; October, 6 males and 5 females; November, 5 males and 4 females; December, 5 males and 5 females, making a total of 62 males and 53 females.

Green, the negro charged with attempting to murder Mr. Begges, had a preliminary hearing on Monday. The court house was packed full of people, anxious to hear and see the negro. The crowd was in a good humor and it was evident that all thought of lynching had been abandoned. Three witnesses for the prosecution were examined. They were Marshal Schlagle, Mr. Bour and Mr. McQuaite. Mr. Bour testified that Mr. Begges had gone home about 10:30 o'clock Christmas Eve; that he had some money, about \$35 to \$50; that among others he had two silver twenty-cent pieces, to which Mr. Begges had called his attention. Upon being shown the bags of money found upon Green, at the time of his arrest, Mr. Bour found two

twenty-cent pieces which he said were very similar to those shown him by Mr. Begges, although he could not say that they were the identical pieces. The testimony of the other witnesses was relative to the finding of Mr. Begges on Christmas and as to the keys found upon Green. The prisoner waived further examination and was bound over to court in a bond of \$3,000. During the hearing Green appeared nervous, and seemed to apprehend violence at the hands of the people. He declined trying to furnish bail, and was again placed behind the bars.

In response to a condition brought about by the present hard times, the ladies of the M. E. Church have organized a home relief society for the purpose of assisting the worthy poor of the city. The object is a worthy one and the step speaks well for the hearts of the ladies engaged in the movement. Assistance of any kind will be gladly received by these ladies. Clothing, provisions and money will be among the most acceptable donations. They will hold weekly meeting at the residence of Mrs. Julia R. Moore to which place donations should be sent. Wednesday will be the day of meeting. Following is a list of the officers and the visiting and soliciting committees:

Pres't, Mrs. Julia R. Moore; Vice P., Mrs. Clara Howard; Treas., Mrs. Ida Uhlendorff.

First Ward—Mrs. Dr. Miller, Mrs. W. H. Justus, Mrs. R. W. McCaughey, Mrs. C. D. Clark, Mrs. J. M. Walker, Miss N. Wiseman.

Second Ward—Mrs. D. M. Merrell, Mrs. John Bean, Miss Della Wade, Miss Julia Hackett, Mrs. Wesley Graham, Mrs. Jacob Graybill, Miss Mattie Corns, Miss Lottie Smith.

Third Ward—Mrs. E. J. Hamill, Mrs. Wm. Yost, Mrs. Dr. Hisey, Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mrs. M. E. Noble, Miss Sallie Freaner, Miss May Wilson.

Fourth Ward—Mrs. C. B. Allman, Mrs. A. L. Wetherald, Miss Lily Bowman, Miss Iva Penberthy.

Miss Jones and Miss Susie Rogers, vicinity of stone quarry.

Mr. William Crooks and two of his children, one aged four years and the other nine years, narrowly escaped death by poisoning, on Wednesday. The three were suddenly attacked with severe pain in the stomach and violent fits of vomiting. A physician was called immediately. Upon his arrival the doctor found the youngest child apparently beyond hope, and the father and second child in a very critical condition from the effects of some kind of poison. Thinking the case of the one hopeless he turned his attention to the other two, and applied the needed remedies, which soon began to have effect. He then turned to the little one and finally succeeded in restoring circulation. Upon inquiry it was found that the father had been preparing a plaster, to be applied to his back, from a preparation put up on a physician's prescription, and composed of tartar emetic and burgundy pitch, and that the children had asked for some of it to chew as a substitute for chewing gum. He had given it to them and had also been chewing some of it himself. It was from the effect of the tartar emetic that they were suffering. In the opinion of the attending physician, had the youngest child gone half an hour longer without assistance, there would have been no possibility of saving its life. All are doing well and are out of danger.

MATRIMONIAL.

HOWENSTINE—SINGER.

On Thursday, December 31, at Canton, Miss Lizzie B. Singer was married to Mr. James K. Howenstine, Rev. B. F. Booth officiating.

Obituary.

ERTLE—Mr. George Ertle died last Sunday evening, at his home of typhoid fever. He was taken sick on Wednesday. He was buried on Wednesday, Rev. Father Kuhn officiating.

Mrs. Mary Hull McGuffey, wife of Charles D. McGuffey, of Chatanooga, Tenn., and daughter of P. C. Hull, of Oneida Mills, O., died at DeLand, Florida, December, 30, 1885.

Mrs. McGuffey was born in Massillon, April 24, 1843. She was deprived of a mother's care at an early age by death, and spent her early life among relatives in Massillon.

She was married to Theodore Ricks in 1868. Her married life was of short duration, her husband dying a few months later. A daughter, Theodora Ricks, was born subsequent to the death of her father, and is still living.

During a visit to Knoxville, Tenn., in which place she had gone for the benefit of her health, having always been delicate, she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Charles D. McGuffey, to whom she was married in 1876. Mr. McGuffey was a tender and devoted husband, and spared no pains or expense to make the last years of his loving wife as comfortable as possible. Her summers were spent in the North, with her relations, and the winter season in the milder climate of the South, first at one place and then at another, wherever it was thought life might be prolonged. In November last she was taken to DeLand, Fla., but disease had too firm a hold for human skill to loosen, and she died.

The remains of Mrs. McGuffey were brought to Massillon, on Saturday last, and the burial services were held at the residence of Mr. A. J. Ricks, a brother of her first husband, on Sunday, at 2 o'clock.

You can find the largest assortment in the city of Gents Neckties, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs and Gloves at C. M. Whitman's Clothing House, 11 West Main street.

Personal and Society.

Mr. Frank Bullinger went to New York on Monday.

Misses Laura and Harriet Russell leave to-day for North Hampton, Mass.

Mr. Frank Genet, of Medina, is the guest of Miss Mattie Powell this week.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, of Cleveland, is the guest of Mr. Z. T. Baltzy this week.

One of our citizens, Mr. Richard Powell, is sick in Medina, with the rheumatism.

Miss Annie Harter, of Mansfield, is visiting with Mrs. James Brown on Prospect street.

Mr. Chas. A. Beatty, of Cleveland, spent several days here during the past week, with his parents.

The Misses Hattie and Julia Budd, of Elyria, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skinner last week.

Mr. V. R. King, who was confined to the house with rheumatism last week, is again at his post in the postoffice.

Misses Sadie A. Corns, Mamie L. Hunt and Evelyn McCue returned last Wednesday to their different schools in the East.

Mr. Charles H. Richardson, of Chicago, was called to this city by the serious illness of his brother-in-law, Mr. M. A. Richheimer.

Mrs. Dr. Barnes, who has been visiting at her old home in Sharpsburg, Penn., for several weeks past, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Bullinger, who has been in the employ of Messrs. Diehlmann, the clothiers, has gone to New York. Should he find surroundings suitable to his tastes, he will probably locate in that city.

Mr. Fred C. Now, whom our citizens will recollect as the genial telegraph operator at the C. L. & W. office, in this place a few years since, has been given the position of superintendent of telegraph on the above mentioned line, with his office at Cleveland.

Among the guests from abroad at the Club dance last Friday evening, were: Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Khuns, Miss Helen Cook, Miss Kittie Thompson, Mr. John W. Wells and Messrs. George B. and Harry Freese, of Canton. Misses Sallie O'Donnell and Ella Barry from New Philadelphia. Miss Fannie Carr and Mr. and Mrs. Wrenshall from Pittsburgh. The Misses Budd from Elyria. Mr. Frank McLeary, Sewickley, Penn., and C. W. Seiberling, Akron O. The dance was a very pleasant one.

AMUSEMENTS.

OPERA HOUSE.

The beautiful little operetta of Mother Goose is in rehearsal, and will be presented soon by the Organ Fund Society of the Episcopal Church.

The celebrated Ellis Family Bell Ringers and concert company will give one of their delightful entertainments in People's Hall, Saturday night, Jan. 9, 1886. A rare treat is in store for all lovers of good music. Do not miss it. Proceeds of concert to be shared with M. E. Ladies' Aid Society.

One of the best entertainments of the season was the "Mikado," last Friday evening. This is the second time this very amusing opera has been played here this season, and that it is appreciated by our citizens is evidenced by the audience. The principal role, Lord High Executioner, was taken by Frank Deshon, who is a show by himself, and kept the audience in laughter continually. The other characters were well taken. The costumes of the company throughout were very fine indeed.

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon," one of the oldest and best of the modern "funny" plays, will be presented at the Opera House, next Tuesday night. The following from the Oil City Derrick, of January 2, conveys a very good idea of the play:

"One of the strongest comedies ever submitted to the approval of an Oil City audience was put upon the Opera House stage last night, under the singular title of 'Skipped by the Light of the Moon.' The house was packed, with people and the play with fun. The laughter commenced when the curtain went up and ended only when the curtain went down. The scenes depicted occurrences that happen in almost every-day life with the humorous side placed before the audience. Fred Lennox as Felix Cracker and Walter Lennox, Jr., as Obadiah Dingle, were capital, and their wives, who suffered the impositions of Saratoga hotels and servants, were equally interesting. Miss Hattie Geary, as Sarah, was excellent. The whole company is good and afforded Oil Citizens the happiest New Year's night they have spent for many years."

A larger, better and handsomer line of Jewelry than we ever had before. Every article a bargain at the 5 and 10c. Store.

WANTED—A good road horse and buggy, by Dr. H. Hallock, office over Park drug store. 29tf

Mr. E. Gleitsman, has secured the sole agency for the Magnetic Spring Water, and sells it at the same price charged at the springs. This water will be found an excellent remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Female Diseases, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. 28 13

SKINNER BROTHERS

Booksellers and Stationers.

We will be pleased to order renewals and take subscriptions for any publication in the world, including local newspapers. Persons placing their whole list in our hands will receive very favorable terms and can always save the expense of sending money, trouble of correspondence and postage.

40 E. Main St., - - Massillon Ohio

An Elegant Present for Boys.

The Daisy Hoop Gun to play the game of "Ringolette," or the WILLIAM TELL BOW GUN. Either of these guns will be given with every purchase of Boys' Clothing to the amount of \$4 or more. Besides this.

Prices have been Greatly Reduced

In every department of our store. We will sell you Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Neck Wear, Gloves, Etc.,

cheaper now than you have ever been able to buy them before. The season is getting late for us, and we have a large stock of goods to dispose of, hence the extraordinary inducements. If you wish a Holiday Present for your father, your husband, your brother, your son, or your friend, we have many elegant and useful articles to show you. [Time nor space will not permit us to enumerate everything, but call on us and you will be convinced that you can buy a Suit or Overcoat at a low price and almost no price at

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A MAID FORLORN.

BY THE DUCHESSE.

(Continued)

CHAPTER VI.

A month has flown swiftly by. Already the earth is whispering of spring, the trees are budding, the grass is throwing out fresh green shoots; and, indeed, all Nature is lifting up its head and rejoicing as "Spring come up this way."

To Cecil this past month has been one of intense happiness; to Ronnie one of unrest, though perhaps not altogether painful. Sir Sydney Walcott has been abroad, summoned there to attend the death-bed of a rich relative, but his letters have not ceased, and, though calm as the first he received from him at Branksnere, have been at least undeviating in their constancy.

Mrs. Rivers, however, has been seriously uneasy. The hint dropped by the Major about Duke Craven's not being all one could desire in the way of steadiness has lingered in her mind ever since, and, though she has been content to perforce to her own breast, as the Major returned to town the day after he had sown the seeds of distrust in her breast, and to Cecil or Ronnie she would not talk on such a subject.

Craven's evident admiration for Cecil is apparent to all eyes—so apparent that Mrs. Rivers longs daily for the hour that will see him present himself as her open suitor. But that day has not yet come, and misgivings oppress her in spite of her determination to have patience and let things take their proper course.

By nature a nervous woman, she is now doubly so, on account of her dependence upon her uncle, Sir Gregory. She would gladly see her girls married comfortably and beyond the power of any whim of his to hurt them. She is anxious, too, about Cecil. The girl, she can see, has given her whole heart to this acquaintance of only six weeks.

She is blindly, utterly happy when with him—which is dangerously often—and plainly trusts him entirely.

Just now Craven is with her in the drawing-room, and both are standing in the big bay-window counting the pretty snowdrops that are coming one by one. Duke is not talking. He is, indeed, almost dead to what Cecil is saying, so rapid is in contemplation of her own fair in a gown of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with coffee-colored lace at the throat and wrists, and is looking more than usually lovely.

Presently she becomes aware that he is not listening to her, and turning to him, tells him so, with a pretty show of petulance.

"I confess my crime," he says, quickly, his voice full of eager passion. "How could I think of anything but you when you are opposite to me? Your voice, indeed, is sweet; but you are even sweeter. No, I heard nothing. I could only see."

"See what?" she asks, with an attempt at gaiety, though she has grown a little pale because of his manner, which is strangely unlike his usual calm self.

"You, my dainty—my darling!" he whispers quickly. The words come from him almost involuntarily; almost unconsciously too he takes her hand and holds it closely. Clays colors faintly, and then grows even paler than she was before.

"Why do you call me that?" she says. "Why? You have no right to—no—"

He interrupts her by a gesture, and draws her even nearer to him.

"Give me the right," he says eagerly. "You know—you must know by this time—that there is nothing in the world I love so well as—"

"Major Jervis," announces a servant at this supreme moment, throwing wide the drawing-room door.

With a smothered exclamation, Craven lets Cecil's hand drop, and, turning aside, steps through the open window on to the small veranda outside, which by stone steps leads to the ground.

Descending there, he goes quickly out of sight, but not before the Major has had time to catch a glimpse of his departing coat-tails.

"Hum! hah!" says the Major. He has hardly had time to return Cecil's somewhat cold greeting when Mrs. Rivers and Ronnie enter the room. There are signs of very distinct irritation about the Major. He blows his nose somewhat effusively, and refuses to let his eyes meet those of any one else present.

"I think I saw Craven going out of that window just as I came in," he says, staring at Cecil.

"Yes," she returns, slowly; her mind is still full of Duke, and she is wondering what it was exactly that he was going to say when interrupted by this troublesome Major.

"He didn't expect me down to-day," the Major goes on. "Thinks me safe at home at this moment, no doubt."

Again he looks at Cissy, as if expecting her to answer. He is in truth curious to know if Duke saw him coming or heard him announced by the servant, and, if so, whether he ran away to avoid the bore of having to speak to him.

"He will be all the more delighted to see you at the Court," says Ronnie, ironically. "Surprises of that sort are so pleasant."

"Quite so," and the Major directs a withering glance at her. "Fact is, I hardly knew I was coming down myself until this morning. But business must be attended to, you know. Business for the fair sex especially—ha, ha! I've come indeed to carry Craven back to town with me. I bring a letter from his cousin, Lady Maud Esterdale, demanding his immediate attendance."

"Who is this Cousin Lady Maud?" asks Cecil, quickly.

"Oh, don't you know?" inquires the Major. "It's not quite settled, I believe; but—"

"What is not quite settled?" demands Cecil again. She is quite calm but deathly pale.

"His marriage," says the Major, quietly. "It is true that he shifts a little uneasily in his seat as he says this, and refuses to lift his eyes from the carpet; but nevertheless he says it."

A dead silence ensues—a silence short in reality, but of interable length to some in the room. Then Cecil laughs, quite a natural little laugh, too, so natural, indeed, that both her mother and Ronnie turn involuntarily to look at her.

"He is rather a scamp in some ways," continues the Major, in a genial way. "Now if you asked him about this marriage, it is as likely as not he would deny all knowledge of it, and declare he was never further from matrimony in his life. But don't you be taken in by him. He is a disgraceful fellow in the way of flirtations; makes love all round, you know, to every woman he meets, and makes some of 'em believe him, too. But he's not a bad young fellow at heart. No, no—far from that. But this marriage now will be a good thing for both of them; she with title, he with money."

"A charming arrangement indeed!" says Cecil, without so much as a quiver of her eyelids.

"Well, it is rather premature yet to speak about it," pursues the Major. "Craven mightn't like it, you know; so don't mention my name in the matter as having been the one to tell of it. You see, he is such a great friend here that I dare say he will wish to be himself the first to tell you of it."

"Of course he would like to tell us himself," returns Cecil, smiling calmly. "As you say, he is a great friend of ours, and he knows we will be glad to hear of anything likely to add to his happiness."

The Major watches her closely as she makes this little speech, and she as closely returns his fixed gaze. Then, expressed on his face, he rises and bids her a "good-bye" for the present. When the door has shut behind him, Ronnie turns vehemently to Cecil.

"I don't believe one word of it," she says hastily—"not one! He looks as if he were telling a falsehood."

"I saw no trace of falsehood either in his look or tone," answers Cecil; in a strange tone, "and, as for the rest, I believe every word he said."

She moves toward the door; her mother, with tears in her eyes, rises as if to follow her, but with a gentle gesture the girl prevents her.

"I want to be alone, mamma," she says entreatingly, "just for a little while; I shall be all right then. But there is one thing you can do for me," she cries, breaking suddenly out of her terrible quiet. "Never—never—mention his name to me again!"

Poor Mrs. Rivers is thoroughly cast down, and Ronnie scarcely less so.

"How shall we receive him if he calls to-morrow?" asks her mother, when poor Cecil has crept away from them up to her own room to cry her heart out on her bed.

"Just as if nothing had happened," Cecil, of course, will not appear. I will make her go for a walk at that hour, so that we can truly say she is not in."

Mamma, if only for Cecil's sake, do not let him see we care about this thing."

So the next day, Mrs. Rivers is as nearly as possible the same to him that she has been during the past month. Perhaps some subtle change in her manner might be noticed by a very acute observer, some vague impression of shrinking from all more open cordiality; but beyond this her demeanor is perfect.

As for Ronnie, she is a degree more sad than angry. She maintains an almost utter silence; but every now and then Craven, glancing at her, wonders vaguely why her eyes are so large and mournful, her whole manner so full of an uncertain depression.

His wonder on this point, however, is indeed vague, as his whole mind is filled with a longing to see a particular lounging-chair near the fire occupied by a little lissome figure whose smile is wont to beam at him, half roguishly, half with a tenderness not to be described. Where is she now—his little sweetheart?

"Where is Miss Cecil?" he asks at last, unable to restrain his impatience any longer.

"She has gone for a walk, I think," replies Mrs. Rivers, stooping to poke the fire.

"Let me do that for you," says Craven, taking the poker from her. "She has gone to the garden, perhaps, and is kneeling on the hearth-rug, and is looking very earnestly up into Mrs. Rivers's face, with his pleasant honest eyes."

"I think not—certainly not—she did not say exactly where she was going," returns Mrs. Rivers, evasively.

Ronnie at this sighs audibly, and Craven, turning, looks at her sharply. Something in her expression evidently strikes him as being peculiar, but he says nothing, and presently turns the conversation into another channel.

"I have a friend coming to stay with me next week," he says—"a friend of yours, too, I think. I met him in London, and he almost asked me to invite him down. He said he knew you all very well."

"I dare say. We lived some years in town," responds Mrs. Rivers, indifferently. "One gets to know so many people there."

Ronnie evinces no curiosity either about the new arrival at the Court, or Mr. Craven goes on—

"I'm rather sorry he is coming just now, as I am bound to be in town in the morning, and shan't be able to be back for a fortnight. I am afraid therefore he will have only a slow time of it."

He rises to go; as he does so, Ronnie rises too, and follows him into the hall.

"I think," she says, in a tone that falters slightly—"I think Cissy went in the direction of the beech-wood."

Before he has time to thank her for this hint or wonder at the strangeness of her manner, she has disappeared; and, somewhat puzzled, Craven makes his way toward the wood she has mentioned.

Just as he enters it, he encounters Cecil coming toward him, her head slightly bent, her face rather paler than usual.

"How d'ye do?" she says, quite calmly, but without an accompanying smile. She lets her hand lie in his unsympathetically, and then draws it away almost before he has time to know it was there.

"I was unfortunate to-day. I thought I should have found you within"—with an attempt at cordiality, though some inward misgivings have cast a shadow on his usual light-heartedness.

"For the future, I think you must not expect always to find me in," she replies, with a faint smile.

"Why?" he asks, astonished at her whole treatment of him.

"Because winter is at an end, and the fine weather tempts one to go out," she says, coldly.

"For that reason one loves the fine weather," he returns, striving against his growing anxiety. "May I not sometimes accompany you in your rambles?"

"No, I think not. When I go for a walk in these quiet woods, I prefer my own company to any one's. A strange fancy, and rather egotistical, is it not?"

"It is very unlike you"—gravely; then, unable to control his uneasiness any longer, he says, anxiously, "What has happened that you treat me like this? What have I done to you?"

"Done to me?"—laughingly. "Nothing!"

"I am going to town this evening, Cecil, I shall not be back until—"

"I must ask you not to call me 'Cecil,'" says the girl, quietly, and with a certain amount of dignity. "I must always be 'Miss Rivers' to gentlemen-acquaintances."

"Am I only that? Only an acquaintance?"

There is a world of reproach in his tone.

"Yes, only that"—remorselessly.

"And yet yesterday—"

"Do not speak of yesterday," she exclaims, putting up her hand impulsively, as though to ward off something that is hurting her.

"As you will, of course," he returns, in a tone nearly as cold as her own. "I have no claim, of course, to be considered even a friend. May I say good-bye to you, and let you finish your walk in peace? I am going away this evening."

"Where are you going?"

"To my aunt—Lady Eton."

"Ah, to your cousin, Lady Maud?"

"Yes, if you like. Who was telling you of it? The Major?"

"Yes, the Major. He told me everything."

"I don't know when I shall be back."

"Soon enough, no doubt. What are you going for—the wedding?"

"Yes, for the wedding." He speaks in a very low, depressed tone, because of her cruel coldness. To her his depression means only shame at the discovery she has made.

"When is it to be?" she asks, slowly.

"Next week."

"So soon? It is sudden, is it not?"

"No wonder. I have known of it for some months."

"You knew of it before we came here?"

"Oh, yes; long before that! I wish you knew Maud—she is a very nice girl, and I am sure she would be a great friend of yours."

"I am equally sure she would not. I hate nice girls!" says Cecil, with sudden and most unlooked-for vehemence.

"Surely they are better than nasty ones, at all events!" he returns, somewhat aggrieved.

"I don't know. At all events"—defiantly—"I don't care to hear anything more about either you or Lady Maud."

Silence follows this outburst—a silence that lasts until they reach the small path that leads to the avenue.

"I think you are hardly kind to me," he says then, gently. "And I don't understand you at all."

"No"—in a very low tone—"I don't wonder at that. There are times"—bitterly—"when I can not understand myself. Well, shall I say then that I wish your Lady Maud joy?"

"Thank you. I shall give my cousin that message," he answers, gravely; then, holding out his hand, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye"—stomily.

"I shall not see you again for some time," Craven goes on, wistfully.

"Don't let that trouble you," she returns, with a little heartless laugh that certainly has no mirth in it.

"Does that mean that you do not care ever to see me again?" he demands, his face darkening.

"It means whatever you like," she answers, icily, though at this moment she would have given half her life to be able to fling herself into his arms and cry her heart out upon his breast.

"No; you shall tell me what you really mean now—at once!" he declares, sternly, compelling her to face him. "Is it that you honestly hope never to see me again?"

"Yes, that is my honest hope," she returns, calmly, her face deathly pale.

"Ah!" He draws his breath quickly, and for a moment his own face rivals hers in pallor.

"I shall not trouble this part of the world much again as long as it shall please you to remain in it."

So saying, he turns from her, and, with bitter anger in his heart, strides rapidly through the woodland, and is soon lost to sight amidst the shadows of the coming night.

CHAPTER VII.

A miserable week, fraught with bitter grief for Cecil and even bitterer disappointment, goes slowly by. No one has said a word to her about her faithless lover, no one has even ventured to mention his name in her presence; but just now, when she and Ronnie are standing alone in the pretty morning-room, Ronnie goes up to her and places her arm around her neck. The girl is impelled to do this because of the forlorn expression upon Cecil's face, and her disconsolate attitude. She is leaning against the shutter of the window, and great tears are shining in her mournful eyes.

As Cecil does not repulse her, Ronnie is emboldened so far as to lay her soft cheek against her sister's; and, being still further encouraged, as no rebuff has followed on this overtone, she whispers, tenderly—

"Do not be so sad, darling. It will be better by and by. Time cures all things."

"Has it cured you?" asks Cecil, with a little catch in her breath.

"Nearly, I think," replies Ronnie, with a heavy sigh that betrays her words.

"Do you mean to tell me"—glancing reproachfully at Ronnie—"that you have ceased to long and hope and pray, for Sydney's return?"

"I think so—I hope so," answers Ronnie, but as she says this there are tears in her voice and eyes.

"It is not true," says Cecil, regarding her fixedly. "You love him still in spite of everything."

"Why should I love him?" demands Ronnie, with much agitation. "Why should I let one thought of him find harbor in my breast? He has forgotten me—has rubbed me out of his life without even a passing pang. I hope," she cries earnestly, "I shall never see Sydney Walcott again."

"Sir Sydney Walcott," announces a servant, almost as she ceases speaking, and then both girls become aware that the door is open, and that the young man upon the threshold has in all probability heard every word of Ronnie's passionate little speech.

Cecil, advancing to cover her sister's confusion, greets him kindly. Ronnie, who has turned first pale and then red, and finally pale again to the very lips, comes toward him now, and gives him her hand in silence; then, summoning all the courage she possesses to her aid, tells him in a conventional tone that it is really quite a pleasure to see him again.

This remark is so palpably insincere that the young man she addresses forgets to make any immediate reply, and only stares at her in a reproachful fashion.

He is of middle height, with a quiet, kindly expression, and a manner pleasant, if a little languid. When they have all seated themselves, he makes no attempt at promoting conversation, and even while answering the questions put to him appears very far away from them all in spirit. It is quite evident to Cecil that his thoughts are elsewhere, and that he is in the very lowest of low spirits.

Presently she rises, with the expressed intention of seeking her mother, and, in spite of a beseeching glance from Ronnie, deliberately quits the room.

Almost as the door closes behind her, Sir Sydney, rising from his seat, goes opposite to Ronnie, leans his arm upon the mantel-piece and gazes down upon her.

"I hope Cecil will not return for some time," he says, slowly, "because I have a great deal to tell you. What was it you were saying just as I came in?"

"I had forgotten you—rubbed you out of my life—eh?"

"Well, was it not true?" asks Ronnie

nervously, twining her fingers idly together.

"There could hardly be anything less true; but let that pass. You said also—if I remember rightly—that you hoped you would never see me again. Was that also true?"

"If you won't believe me in one instance, I suppose you won't in another," says Ronnie, evasively. "And yet I think—it ought to be true."

"Well, it isn't," returns Sir Sydney. "I don't believe a word of it. I won't; so you need not say it again." Then, suddenly—"I've been abroad, you know. My uncle is dead."

"Am I very sorry?" begins Ronnie.

"Don't be. I'm not," answers Walcott, calmly. "He was as disagreeable an old beggar as any one could possibly meet. However, I forgive him. He died—and left me all his money."

"I congratulate you," says Ronnie, icily.

"It is a case for congratulation, certainly," he replies, coolly. "And yet something is lacking to me that damps all my prosperity. That time last spring when we were in town together, I was miserably poor. Nobody knew it, I think—at least, I hope I didn't look poor. But there were any amount of debts that should have been paid off, incurred by my—Well, never mind that; I paid them—they were debts of honor; but the paying crippled me so much that I was afraid to ask you to marry me in those days. Now I am not. I have got the title, you see, and the estates, and—and that."

"The title!" repeats Ronnie, in a low tone.

"Yes. My uncle was Earl of Errington, and there wasn't any son to inherit. That was my luck, you know."

"I suppose I ought to tell you again how glad I am of you—"

"Say nothing of the kind; say only you are glad to see me. Ronnie—with an utter change of tone—"my dearest love, tell me you will marry me as soon as you can."

When Mrs. Rivers and Cissy came into the room, a few minutes later, they find Ronnie standing on the hearth-rug with Lord Errington's arm round her, and a smile upon her mobile lips that has been absent from them for many a day. A few words explain everything, and then the future Countess is caressed and made much of by her mother and sister for a little while.

"I had no idea that you were the friend who was coming to stay at the Court," says Mrs. Rivers, presently, smiling at Errington.

"No? Didn't Craven tell you? I chose a rather peculiar time for my visit," he adds, with a little laugh—"just when Craven was about this wedding."

"Yes, yes," says Ronnie, in an agony. In vain she tries to think of something to say that will turn the conversation into another channel.

"Very pretty girl, Lady Maud," he goes on, unsuspecting; "and enormous fortune. I think myself she is rather throwing herself away upon McGregor!"

"Upon whom?" asks Ronnie, breathlessly. Cecil, who has placed one hand upon the back of a chair to support herself, is looking at Sydney with all her soul in her eyes.

McGregor, he repeats carelessly. "He's a sort of distant cousin of hers, and real like him, and has married him the wedding took place on Thursday—spite of every one."

"This is dreadful!" says Ronnie, in a frightened tone. She would perhaps have said a great deal more; but Errington with a smothered exclamation, goes quickly forward, and catches Cecil in his arms. She has not quite fainted, but for a minute or two is compelled to lie passive in his arms, her breath coming and going in little fitful gasps.

After awhile she opens her eyes, and tries to smile, and murmurs feebly that it is only the heat—nothing more; that she is very foolish, and so on.

"You are not foolish, and it is not the heat!" cries Ronnie, with fearful indignation. "It is only that hateful Major!"

After this, everything is explained to Errington, who looks as concerned and is really as distressed as any one could possibly desire.

"Do not let us talk any more about it, Ronnie," says poor Cecil, at last. "It is all over, and it was all my own fault, and I will not have Sydney worried about my grievances."

"I shall go to the beach-wood and try to leave my troubles there behind me."

She smiles a little wistful smile as she says this, and, softly beckoning to her mother, they both go out of the room, leaving the lovers alone.

Down the bare leaf-strewn path goes Cecil, her mind full of bitter thoughts. Entering the wood, she strays deep into it, thinking always of that last day when she was there with him, and when she had so willfully put from her the one chance of happiness she most desired. Two tears spring into her violet eyes and linger there. They do not fall, but shine like twin stars in the last beams of the sinking sun.

She has now reached the very spot where last she saw Craven. Up to this she had been walking with bent head; but now, lifting her eyes, she looks around her. As her glance slowly travels from tree to tree, her sadness increases. Now she is looking wistfully at the little babbling brook in the distance, and now at the mossy hillock beyond, and now—

Who is that coming toward her? Her heart stops beating for a moment, and then throbs frantically. It is Craven, looking sad and careworn and full of dejection. As he sees her, he checks himself for an instant, and then comes resolutely onward. Flinging away the cigar he has been smoking, he stops just before Cecil. He does not offer to shake hands with her, but stands regarding her fixedly.

"You!" he says at length. "What has brought you here?"

"I don't know; I wanted to come here"—she feels a little choking sensation in her throat, and stops, unable to proceed.

"I didn't mean to come back again so soon," says Craven, who has never removed his eyes from her face, while she, on the contrary, has not had the courage to lift hers to his.

"I thought you meant never to come back," she answers in a low, husky tone.

"So I did—but"—bitterly—"you see I could not help myself; you ought to be proud of that, ought you not?"

"Oh, do not speak to me in that tone!" she entreates, at last letting her eyes meet his, and he can see the heavy tears lurking in their soft depths.

"How would you have me speak to you?" he asks, reproachfully, but not so coldly as a moment since. "When last we met you scorned my advances, and told me that you hoped never to see me again; and that, too, at a time when I was consumed with a desire to tell you how I loved you—how that every thought of my heart was yours."

"Ah, if you could only understand," she murmurs desperately.

"Understand what?"—eagerly. "Cecil—speak to me, tell me what you mean."

"Major Jervis said you were going to be married to your cousin, Lady Maud," says Cecil, in a stifled tone.

"That old scoundrel," he mutters. "Was that why you behaved so cruelly to me on that wretched afternoon?" he asks presently, when his wrath has somewhat subsided.

"Yes"—shyly.

"And—now you know the whole truth—do you love me, Cecil?"

"I do"—still more shyly.

"My dearest heart!" murmurs Craven; and then somehow she finds herself in his arms with her head against his breast, and knows that she is utterly and entirely happy.

"What misery I have endured since we parted!" says Craven, after a little while. "It is quite a year ago now

Treed While Asleep.

"Speaking of snow," said Dick Sellers to a Denver News reporter, "reminds me of a trip in May, 1880, when I and my friend, the 'doctor,' were going over Marshall pass from South Arkansas to Gunnison city. Early one evening, after a long day's journey through the snow, we selected a place to pitch our tent among a lot of sage brush, as a convenience for fuel, not having seen any trees since we left the top of the range. We tied the tent ropes securely to the brush, set up our sheet-iron stove in one corner and laid out our blankets in the other.

"During the day it had been unusually warm, and shortly after supper began raining, so that we retired early and were soon dreaming of the pies and cakes we had when boys away back in Ohio.

"So fatigued were we that neither awoke until late the next morning, when I became sensitive to a cramping sensation in my neck. On opening my eyes the tent seemed to be six or eight feet above me. My feet were propped up at an angle of about forty degrees, while my neck was lodged between the limbs of a huge tree. I extricated myself the best I could, and, straddling a limb, fully realized for the first time just where I was. An immense thaw had set in during the night, and assisted by the heavy rains, had gradually melted the snow and left us forty feet above terra firma in the top branches of a tree, which we had the evening before mistaken for sage brush. How to wake the 'doctor' was a conundrum. He was suspended a little to my left, still holding the blankets close to his chin. A limb had fortunately caught him under each arm, leaving his feet hanging straight down. Our stove sat smoking in the tent directly over us on the very top branches. Crawling out to the doctor I awoke him, assisted him to a stouter limb, and, taking a bird's-eye view of the situation, began to draw our conclusions as to the best way of getting our things down, fearing to go any higher up the tree. We finally slid down to the ground where we fortunately found our ax, which had fallen through. With this we chopped down the tree, secured our things, somewhat damaged by the fall, and continued our journey without encountering any more snow."

Plantation Philosophy.

Er man mus' keep movin'. It's de still water dat gits foul.

I knowd er man wunst dat neber tole but one truf, an' dat wuz when he 'knowledged dat he had tole er lie.

Folks what puts on all de cloze da ken git, puts me in mine o'er sweet pertater patch dat is all gone ter vines.

It ain' de stronges' pusson dat hab got de bes' bolt on life. Hickory is mighty tough wood, but it rots quicker den poplar.

Success ter er ole man ain' grabbed an' 'joyed so keen ez it is wid er young pusson. De sweets' peaches ain' dem what gits ripe in de fall o' de yeah.

It's generally de mighty sharp man dat fails in busness arter he's wuth many dollars. Yer ken knock er gap outen er sharp knife easier den yer ken er fro.

I doan know why er pusson wants ter cut off er dog's tail. Ef natur hadn't wanted de dog ter hab er tail she wouldn't hab gin him one. It's er pityful sight ter see er glad dog try ter wag his tail when he ain' got none. It puts me in mine o'er man dat hab los' bof arms tryin' ter shake han's wid er frien'. It sartainly doan impruise er dog's looks ter cut off his tail, an' dar outer be er law passed ter prevent sich cruelties. I fuzar er bob-tail dog folks would hab ter take dar chances. —Arkansas Traveler.

No Boon that Science has Conferred
Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malarial ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but too clearly demonstrated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been so clearly shown that the use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frail constitution, and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for a general debility and real inactivity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood, and enriches a circulation impoverished by mal-assimilation. 24 ct

Outcast London.

Much excitement has been made by reports recently published on the vile condition of the slums of London. In one cellar was found a family consisting of a man sick with smallpox, his dying wife, three half naked and dirty children, and one pig. In some parts there is one ginmill to every hundred persons. What defilement! Yet corresponding impurities often defile the human blood. They can be cast out by Brown's Iron Bitters, the great strengthener and purifier. Mr. B. J. Strange, of Stark Lake, Florida, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It gives all the satisfaction a man can want."

Travelers by Sea and by Land.

Change of air and travel produces constipation, followed by headache and a general derangement of the system. The nauseated stomach gages at a pill, while mixtures sweet or acid are revolting. Nothing of this kind is ever complained of in taking Simons Liver Regulator—purely vegetable, pleasant to the taste, and its operation upon the liver being perfect, at the same time so imperceptible that it interferes with neither business nor pleasure.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr Geo V Willing, of Manchester, Mich. writes: My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is able now to do her own work.

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only 50 cents a bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Caners, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly. Mar 23, 83, ly

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma, and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing in use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung diseases at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. Large bottles \$1.00.

A CARD

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

Groceries! Albright & Co's CASH STORE.

Largest and Handsomest, Most Complete and best kept stock of general

Groceries, Provisions, —AND— Queensware

IN THE CITY.

Attentive Salesmen

Always ready to supply your wants.

PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING

All we ask is a trial.

Fruits, Oysters, Etc.,

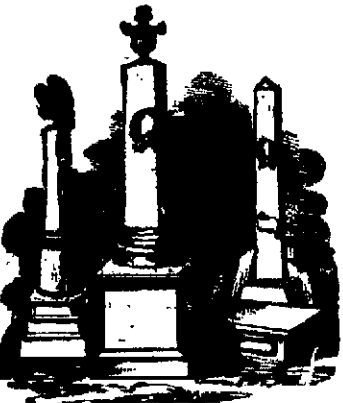
In their season. Call and see us.

ALBRIGHT & CO'S.

25, EAST MAIN STREET.

Massillon, O.

MASSILLON Marble and Mantel WORKS.



HAVING NOW COMPLETED my building on the corner of Tremont and Mill streets, and made it in every way convenient for the marble and mantel business, and having it well filled with

HOICE MONUMENTS, and Gravestones,

of the latest designs and finish of both Marble and Granite. And having enlarged my

MANTEL ROOM

and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterns of

Slate MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either monuments or mantels at less rates than can be furnished from abroad, of the same style and finish. All I ask is an examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad.

Works at old stand, corner Tremont and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

HELP

for working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free of cost a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address: SIMMONS & CO., Portland, Maine.

Agents wanted. CHENNY ANVIL & VICE CO., Detroit, Mich.

29-ly

A Great Cause of Human Misery

IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhea, induced by self abuse, involuntary emissions, impotency, nervous debility, and impediments to marriage generally; consumption, epilepsy, fits; mental and physical incapacity, &c.—By Robert J. Culverwell, M.D.

The world-renowned author in this admirable lecture clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, medicines, or instruments. By pointing out a cure at once certain and effectual by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

Send under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,

41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., P. O. Box, 450

May 21, 1886, 1 yr.

Horse Shoeing Shop



THE UNDERSIGNED begs to call the attention of all persons desiring extra work done in the way of horse shoeing, a branch of mechanism to which he has devoted nearly twenty years exclusively. He makes

Horse Shoes of Every Variety

Required by Diseased Feet.

Horses with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush, Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

Special Attention.

Also Over-Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Banging, and everything requiring

Care and Skill in Shoeing

will receive careful and prompt attention.

Shoeing and Team Horses

will be shod in the best manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all instances. Shop East side of Factory street, between Main and Charles streets, near the city buildings.

A. D. Volkmar.

Jewelry & Watches

Everybody should call at

COLEMAN'S

Jewelry Store

No. 5 Erie Street.

and see his splendid stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere. He will pay you for all goods are marked down to the

Lowest Possible Prices.

No use going away for goods when you can buy here as cheaply as in any city in the Union.

Joe. Coleman.

AMERICA IS BOUND TO SHINE.

Many imitations of our genuine Adulbert Vogt's & Co's Universal Metal Putz Polish (a reddish paste in tin boxes) are sold on the merits of our goods. Take from your dealer some which has not the name Adulbert Vogt & Co. with the Prussian Helmet on bottom and top. As a metal polish it stands at the head of all competition, and received the only highest award at the New Orleans Exposition. It is the finest metal polish in the world. Try it. For sale everywhere.

ADOLPH GOLDBERG & CO.,

Sole Importers, 202 William St., N. Y.

ELECTRICAL RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

Only Sure Cure for Rheumatism.

After having fully demonstrated the fact that the above is a sure cure for Rheumatism, I have concluded to purchase the recipe and manufacture it for sale. As one bottle will cure any ordinary case of Rheumatism, I have concluded to sell it at One Dollar per bottle. On receipt of one dollar I will send one bottle free to any part of the United States.

Having been known by all publishers in N. Y. and in business at 25 Ann St. for the past 31 years I have taken the liberty to refer the public to the publisher of this paper as to the truth of my statement.

JOHN C. STOCKWELL,

25 Ann St. New York.

The Best

The best place to thoroughly prepare for business or become an expert shorthand and typewriter is at the Shorthand Institute, Cincinnati College, Cleveland, O. Illustrated catalogue free. For particulars, address: Spencer, Pelton & Loomis.

A BIG OFFER.

To introduce them we will give away 1000 self operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once.

The National Co., 21 Day St., N. Y.

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RELIABLE SALESMEN

To travel and sell the trade our staple and celebrated CIGARS, TOBACCO, CIGARETTES, PIPES, &c. Liberal arrangements made for Salaries or Commissions. Address: NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR CO., 51 Broadway, New York.

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WIN

more money than anything else by taking an agency for the best selling books out. Beginners succeed. No terms. Free, HALLIDAY BOOK CO., Portland Maine.

McMonagle & Rogers'

PREMIUM FRUIT FLAVORS

UNRIVALLED IN DELICACY. PERFECT IN PURITY. SUPERIOR IN QUALITY. UNQUALIFIED IN GUARANTEE.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Their RARE DELICACY commends them to all lovers of FINE FLAVORS, while economists appreciate the fact that their GREAT STRENGTH requires the use of but HALF THE QUANTITY of ordinary Flavoring Extracts. Their own merits are their best advertisement.

ASTHMA

I have a Positive Cure for Asthma and Hay Fever: a new Discovery! RELIEF guaranteed in 5 minutes. Used by Inhalation. Trial package free to any address. Large packages by mail on receipt of price—\$1.00. Dr. A. A. WELLS, Lafayette, Indiana.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. I.

BETWEEN TOLEDO AND MARIETTA

In effect July 12, 1885.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.	No. 5.	No. 7.	No. 9.	No. 11.
Toledo	7:46	12:39	6:00	A. M.
Freemont	9:07	1:46	6:18	
Bellevue	9:37	2:16	6:47	
Monroeville	9:56	2:32	7:02	1:35
Norwalk				
Clarksfield	10:33	3:09	7:44	
Brighton	10:43	3:20	7:55	
Wellington	11:00	3:35	8:10	
Wadsworth	11:22	4:10	8:38	
Creston	11:50	4:40	9:00	
Orrville				
Massillon	12:20	5:00	9:30	8:45
Massillon	12:40	5:20	9:50	
Navarre	1:35	5:25	6:55	
Valley Junction	2:05	6:40	7:25	
New Cumberland				
Sherrillsburg	2:15		7:35	
Valley Junction	2:35		8:00	
Canal Dover	2:55		8:47	
Newcomertown	3:25		9:45	
Cambridge	3:35		12:50	
Marietta	7:35			

GOING NORTH AND WEST.

No. 6.	No. 8.	No. 4.	No. 12.
Marietta	6:30	2:00	A. M.
Cambridge	6:45	2:15	
Newcomertown	7:15		
Canal Dover	10:25	8:05	
Valley Junction	1:51	8:30	
Sherrillsburg			
New Cumberland		6:35	1:00
Valley Junction		8:40	1:20
Wellington	11:15	8:10	7:10
Massillon	12:30	9:25	8:30
Orrville	1:20	10:15	9:12
Creston			
Wadsworth	1:55	10:45	9:45
Wellington	2:10	11:05	9:55
Brighton	2:40	11:28	10:25
Clarksfield	2:52		10:48
Norwalk	3:22		10:57
Monroeville	3:32	12:10	11:28
Bellevue	4:02		11:57
Clyde	4:12		12:07
Freemont	4:35		12:30
Toledo	5:58		1:50

CONNECTIONS:

At Fremont with L. E. & W. Ry.

At Clyde with L. E. & W. Ry.

At Bellevue with N. Y. & C. S. L. Ry.

At Menorville with M. & O. Ry.

At Norwalk with L. E. & W. Ry.

At Huron and Norwalk with the L. E. & W. Ry.

At Wellington with the C. C. & I.

At Creston with the N. Y. & C. S. L. Ry.

At Orrville with the P. E. W. & C. and the A. & C.

At Massillon with the P. E. W. & C. and the C. C. & I.

At Newcomertown with P. C. & St. L. Ry.

At Cambridge with B. O. Ry.

At Point Pleasant with Eastern Ohio Ry.

At Marietta with M. & O. Ry.

JAS. M. HALL, Gen. Passenger Agt.

M. D. WOODFORD, Gen. Supt.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delaware Railroad

Standard Central time. In Effect, Sunday, May 31, 1885.

TIME TABLE.

Standard Central time. In Effect, Sunday, May 31, 1885.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave

Not Ex

3 Mail

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Council Proceedings

Council met in regular session Wednesday evening, January 6, with President Salter in the chair and all the members present except Mr. Huber.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Street Commissioner reported for the week ending December 26, work amounting to \$37.75, and for the week ending January 2, \$50.00; report referred.

The Marshal reported having expended on prisoners, \$21.

The Mayor sent in the names of the present police force for confirmation.

Mr. Overton moved that the entire list be confirmed, but the motion was lost.

The names were then taken up separately. Godfrey Meyers was the only one confirmed. On the other names the Council was evenly divided.

The ordinance establishing the width of South Erie street was read the third time and passed.

Mr. Williams, of the paving and grading committee, reported a bill of John Lew for laying pavement at Waverly Hotel; referred back for amendment.

Mr. Snyder, of water works committee, reported progress in the matter of extending the water privileges of the city.

The Street Commissioner's report for the week ending October 31, \$46.33, and November 4, \$50.70, was read and ordered paid.

The following bills were read and referred to the proper committees:

A. D. Pickman, \$19.45
John Coleman, \$9.00
H. Shaver, \$6.22
A. H. G. Co., \$2.50
Snyder & Schwarm, \$15.00

On motion of Mr. Williams the Clerk was instructed to renew the existing contract with Mr. Coleman for the care of the town clock.

Mr. Rink moved that additional gasoline lamps be placed on Plum and Short streets.

Mr. Snyder amended by moving to instruct the lighting committee to ascertain whether lamps were needed; carried.

Mr. Bullach moved that the grading and paving committee and the Street Commissioner be instructed to lower the driveway in front of Silas Conrad's warehouse on Plum street to the established grade; carried.

The following bills were reported back from the committees and ordered paid:

John Madder estate, \$10.00
West Massillon Coal Co., \$8.50
Thos. Lewis et al., \$14.35
H. H. H. Co., \$12.50
George Reese, \$13.25
Lew. Lindbach, \$19.65
John Paul, \$25.00
Lew Lindbach, \$13.34
Lew Zeller, (not voted April 14), \$20.00

On motion the Council adjourned for one week.

Attention, Floriculturists

The Ladies' Floral Cabinet (\$1.25 per year, N. Y. City), completes its fourteenth year with the December number, which is unusually attractive both in illustration and in reading matter. "Santa Claus as a Florist," is represented on its first page, and F. Lanco in the article following treats in a humorous yet forcible manner of the abuse of incorrectly naming plants offered for sale. "Rural Bathetics" is the topic of a valuable paper setting forth the pleasures and profits to be found in rural pursuits when properly conducted. Considerable space is devoted to the chrysanthemum, but no more than its excellence deserves. Wm. Falconer gives cultural directions for growing the seedlings, and E. L. Taplin, in "The Mikado's Flower," describes some of the most attractive varieties shown at recent exhibitions. Mrs. Hisee contributes a very amusing story entitled, "Reaping the Whirlwind," and the departments of domestic arts are filled with delightful suggestions for Christmas time.

The publishers announce as premiums for 1886, ten packets of choice flower seeds or a bulb of the *Pyridia grandiflora* alba or a bulb of the *Amaryllis rosea*, either of which go free to any subscriber requesting a premium.

We have arranged to give our readers the benefit of the *Floral Cabinet* and its premium flower seeds or bulbs at a combination rate quite favorable, viz.: \$2.15 for our publication and the *Floral Cabinet* with choice of premiums. If any reader wishes to examine a copy and get details of premiums before subscribing, send 6 cents, mentioning this offer, to the Ladies' Floral Cabinet, 22 Vessey street, New York.

CHIONANTHUS COMPOUND

Is certainly the most effective remedy for the Liver, Kidneys and Blood which has ever come before the people. It is growing into favor rapidly, as we expected it would. One person using it tells neighbors of its prompt curative action. It therefore requires less advertising than any remedy in the market. It cures all conditions dependent upon a disordered state of the Liver, Kidneys, or Blood. Such a Jaundice, Torpid and inactive Liver derangements of the Kidneys Eruptions on the Skin. Pimples on the face, Boils, Scald-Head of children, Eruptions of infants, etc. The medicine is pleasant to take, and contains the best Liver and Blood purifying properties known. A physician who has prescribed it many years, says he never had any medicine which gave such satisfaction. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

A Beautiful Woman.

A woman with pleasant smile, clear skin, bright eyes, generous expression, elastic step, hearty hand shake and courteous welcome. Such a woman is not a victim of debility, languor, or dyspepsia. She has overcome these pests by using Brown's Iron Bitters, the world's great tonic. Miss Mattie Benson, South Parsonfield, Me., says: "After using Brown's Iron Bitters for weakness and lack of appetite and energy, I felt like another person."

Physicians Were in Vain.

Mr. David Netter, 795 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., writes that for several months he suffered from a severe cold and cough, which finally resulted in total hoarseness. He consulted several physicians, but obtained no relief, and then tried Red Star Cough Cure. After taking a few doses he felt better, and before he had finished a bottle he was completely cured.

"When I want a good comfortable smoke, I always buy Humenschein's 'Pride of the East.'" Price 5c.

[Continued from 1st page.]

ation of gold begins in earnest, and let the House lend aid by bitter experience. The question bids fair to lead very soon to an interesting discussion, to say the least, in the House, and one that will engender bad feeling between the President and some Democratic members.

The Republican members of the House, a rule, are very well disposed toward President Cleveland, and are in favor of giving him a fair show. There will be, to a great extent, it is said, by some who are in a position to speak for the party, a disposition favoring liberal appropriations, particularly for the navy and for coast defenses. It is said that during the holiday recess of Congress, and since the delivery of his speech in favor of silver coinage, Senator Beck has received more letters than any other member of the Senate. In fact, letters have come to him by the hundreds daily, all of them commending the position he has taken and urging him to stand firm in support of the silver dollar. While the bulk of these letters have come from the West and South, not a few have been sent by residents of the East.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

Special attention having been drawn to the Indian problem by the treatment of the subject in Secretary Lamar's annual report, it has become a topic of frequent conversation among national legislators, and indications are that Congress will adopt new and earnest measures for settlement of the question. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, will soon submit to Congress a report of the observations of the commission of which he was chairman, and he says he will recommend that the reservation system be abandoned, with a few exceptions which it is impracticable now, and that a commission be appointed by the president to apportion the lands in severalty among the members of tribes that are sufficiently advanced in civilization to justify the belief that the plan would be successful.

Senator Dawes, who has always affected a special guardianship of the welfare of the Indian race, has come to the conclusion that the only way to solve the problem is to absorb the Indians into the body politic and that the first step is to deal with them as individuals, not as tribes.

Senator Van Wyck has taken hold of the question as he finds it in the Indian Territory, and proposes that the national government shall assume direct authority, thereby organizing the territory with a full corps of civil officers, but he does not propose to interfere with the tribal courts and local Indian authorities.

Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, has also made a move in the same direction, but would accomplish the object by different means. He says he regards the Indian problem as one of the most important questions pressing for intelligent congressional action. All the previous plans adopted by the government have failed to produce the desired results, but it has been demonstrated that if proper methods are adopted the Indians can be civilized and made self-supporting. He says if they are taught how to labor and the value of property they will not desire to go on the war-path, and may in time become useful members of society. The first step should be to make them citizens. There are

many million acres of land set apart to the Indians which they can never use. The proper course to pursue, he says, is to break up their tribal relation, put them under the protection of the law, and make them amenable to its penalties, allot to each of them a sufficient quantity of land to enable them by industrious habits to maintain themselves as individual members of society, and dispose of the remainder of the land to actual settlers, and appropriate the proceeds of the sales for their education and support.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Senate.

JAN. 5.—In the senate, the credentials of John W. Daniel, of Virginia, were presented. A bill was passed to legalize the ninth territorial assembly of Wyoming. Bills were introduced to substitute silver dollars for gold coin and currency in reserve funds of the treasury; to limit pensions for total helplessness; to limit appropriations in the army, to adjust accounts of laborers under the eight-hour law; to provide for the erection of monuments in Washington to Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant, at a cost of \$1,000,000 each; to establish a national university in the District of Columbia, to a grant of \$500,000, bearing 2 per cent interest; to provide for the allotment of lands to Indians in severalty.

A resolution was adopted accepting from the state of Ohio a marble statue of ex-President Garfield. Mr. Hoar introduced a resolution requesting the president to take measures for relieving cases of embezzlement in extradition treaties. Mr. Beck disclaimed any personal attack upon the President or Secretary Manning in his silver speech. His remark regarding the Secretary's looking up the surplus would have been quite as well illustrated, and perhaps more aptly so, had he said that if a cyclone had blown down the Treasury Building and scattered the surplus, the people had picked up the money on the street and put it into circulation—that circulation would be more beneficial to the people than keeping the money locked up in the Treasury.

House.

JAN. 5.—Speaker Carlisle got into a tangle with one of three of his committees at the last moment, and could not announce them to-day. The silver men were in high dudgeon over the report that, while he had put Bland back as chairman, the committee was made up in the interest of suppression. The committee will stand, however, as the Speaker has arranged it. The contest between Messrs. Belmont and Curtin for chairmanship of Foreign Affairs also remained unsettled this morning, but Mr. Belmont, backed by Secretary Bayard. It is said, has finally prevailed. Mr. Curtin has had his choice between Banking and Currency and Military Affairs. He will probably take the former, and the Military Committee will go to General Sherman, of Wisconsin. Mr. Hewitt's declination of the chairmanship of Naval Affairs is final. He will be member of that committee and also of Ways and Means, but does not want any chairmanship. Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, is likely to be Chairman of Naval Affairs. The bill introduced numbered 730. The more notable features are restrictions on the coinage of the silver dollar; to abolish internal revenue taxation; to appropriate \$200,000 for a monument to General Grant in New York; to prevent the adulteration of food and drugs; to provide for the construction of the Delaware and Maryland railroads; to reform the civil service; to repeal the duty on sugar to prevent fraudulent entries on the public domain; to repeal the tobacco tax; to create an interstate commerce commission; to tax the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine; to give honorably discharged soldiers and sailors preferences in public appointments; to authorize the president to call out two volunteer regiments of cavalry in New Mexico and Arizona for the suppression of Indian hostilities, and to deprive polygamists of the right of suffrage.

FOREIGN.

The army of Peru has been reduced to 3,000 men. In the late revolution Caceres commanded that number and Iglesias led 7,000. The German consul general at Shanghai reports that the Chinese government has decided to offer of England and American companies to furnish steel rails. It is stated by the Pall Mall Gazette that Gladstone is not to entertain proposals from the marquis of Salisbury for joint action on the question of home rule. Paris cablegrams report a wide breach between Grevy and Briand. Whether De Freycinet will attempt to form a ministry is not yet known. The burning question is what shall be done with Tonquin and Madagascar.

Princess Colonna, of Paris, now Eva Mackay, gave birth to a son last week. A magazine published for the infant has been being pressed in San Francisco. The christening dress is purely composed of antique spots of Alencon.

GENERAL MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—Lower: Jan. 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; Feb. 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; May 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4. CORN—Lower: Jan. 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4; Feb. 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4; May 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4. OATS—Lower: Jan. 28 @ 28 1/2; February, 28 1/2 @ 28 1/2. PROVISIONS—Mess Pork higher: Jan. 8 1/2 @ 10 1/2; Feb. 8 1/2 @ 10 1/2; May 8 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Lard—Lower: Jan. 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2; Feb. 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2; May 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2. BUTTER—Higher: Jan. 28 @ 28 1/2; Feb. 28 @ 28 1/2; May 28 @ 28 1/2. CATTLE—Market steady. We quote: Extra Choice Cattle, 4 1/2 @ 4 5/8; Good Shipping Steers, 4 1/2 @ 4 5/8; Medium Steers, 4 1/2 @ 4 5/8. HOGS—Marked firm. Sales ranged from \$5.00 to \$5.75 for light; \$3.75 to \$4.00 for heavy. WOOL—Continued firm and active. Sales were readily effected at about the following range of prices: Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Eastern Iowa. Coarse, tub, 22 @ 24; Medium, tub, 22 @ 24; Fine, unwashed, 22 @ 24; Coarse, unwashed, 18 @ 22; Medium, unwashed, 18 @ 22; Fine, unwashed, 18 @ 22; Coarse, washed, 20 @ 22; Medium, washed, 20 @ 22; Fine, washed, 20 @ 22. Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, Kansas and Western Nebraska. Fine, unwashed, 16 @ 18; Medium, unwashed, 16 @ 18; Coarse, unwashed, 16 @ 18.

NEW YORK.

WHEAT—Lower: No. 2, Jan. 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; Feb. 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; May 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4. CORN—Quiet; Mixed Western Spot, 49 @ 49 1/2. MILWAUKEE. WHEAT—Lower: January, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; Coarse—Firm at 30 1/2 c for No. 2. OATS—Firm; No. 2 White, 25c. RYE—Dull; 58c for No. 1.

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR—Fair demand; Family \$4.00 @ 4.10. WHEAT—Firm at 92c. CORN—Strong at 30c. OATS—Steady at 30 1/2 c. RYE—Dull at 40c. PROVISIONS—Pork steady at 10 1/2 @ 11. Lard steady at 10 1/2 @ 11. Bulk Meats 4 1/2 @ 5.00. Bacon 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2.

SE. LOUIS.

WHEAT—Lower: No. 2, Red, Jan. 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; Feb. 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; May 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4. CORN—Higher: 30 1/2 @ 31 c Jan. 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; Feb. 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; May 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4. OATS—Lower: cash, 27 1/2 c. RYE—Quiet; 56c. PROVISIONS—Pork higher; \$10.10. Lard 55.30.

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—Western higher: No. 2 Winter Red Spot and January, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; Feb. 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; May 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4. CORN—Quiet; Jan. 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; Feb. 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4; May 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4. OATS—Quiet; 28 1/2 c. RYE—Quiet; 56c. Mixed do., 24 @ 25.

CANTON.

The meeting of the Lyceum Saturday evening was quite interesting.

Mrs. Ann M. Danner, died on the last day of the year, of general debility. She was in her eighty-third year.

Miss Belle White, of North Poplar street, is entertaining Miss Jennie Cramer and Maud Hill, of Mogaders.

Quite a large crowd was at Rink Ven dome, Friday, to witness the five-mile bicycle race between F. A. Menches and S. Bachert. The race was won by Menches in 11:17.

The Canton Conservatory of Music gave a very interesting entertainment at the Opera House, Tuesday evening. The proceeds were donated the Canton Relief Association, for the benefit of the poor of our city.

Miss Mary Wernet was most agreeably surprised on New Year's Eve, by a number of her friends. The evening was pleasantly spent in games of various kinds, and at midnight the guests took possession of the dining room and spread a bounteous repast.

NAVARRE.

Union schools have again resumed work.

Keeler Raff returned from his visit to Sterling friends.

S. M. Chase and wife visited Polk friends over Sunday.

Joe Wilfner, of Akron, visited here during the holidays.

Literary this evening, after an adjournment of three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Fitzgerald, visited Canton friends last Friday.

J. L. W. Gulp, of Medina county, spent several days here the past week.

M. L. Hoagland, rusticated among Newcomerstown friends, last week.

Will Longly of Akron, spent a few days with his aged parents, in the old year.

Gust Crossland, Matt Clemens and Jake Mentzer took in Canton, Thursday of last week.

Robert Hug, our energetic lumberman, is having a severe attack of blood poisoning.

I. Warren Klinker, of Canton, was visiting here over Saturday, the guest of G. H. Cross.

Miss Mary Clemens, of Massillon, spent New Year's day at the home of Matt Clemens.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Henderson are again among us, after several weeks stay with friends in Poe, O.

Some enthusiastic business man could successfully run a hotel in the West End. Navarre has but one hotel.

Mayor McCadden, of Canal Fulton, was presented with a fine gold watch as a birthday present by his admiring friends.

W. C. Kline left on Monday morning for Portland, Oregon, where he expects to make his future home. He had public sale Saturday last.

Mrs. Dr. S. K. Allindar died at the family residence, on High street from an attack of lung fever, on Wednesday of last week, and was buried in the Canton cemetery. She leaves a husband and one child to mourn her loss.

THE GREAT



PURELY VEGETABLE

Are You Bilious?

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious attacks or any disease caused by a disordered state of the liver. Kansas City, Mo. W. R. BERNARD.

Do you want Good Digestion?

I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor who had taken Simmons' Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as ever before. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia. Richmond, Va. H. G. CRENSHAW.

Do You Suffer from Constipation?

Testimony of Hiram Warner, Chief Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for Constipation of Bowels, caused by a temporary derangement of the liver, for the past three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

Have You Malaria?

I have had experience with Simmons' Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as the greatest medicine of the times for diseases peculiar to malarial regions. So good a medicine deserves universal commendation. REV. M. B. WHARTON, Cor. Sec'y South'n Baptist Theological Seminary.

THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR. See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of wrapper, prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sole Proprietors, June 21-27

WANTED.

Ladies and gentlemen to take pleasant employment at their own homes (distance no objection); work sent by mail; \$2 to \$5 a day can be quickly made; no canvassing. Please address at once to Mrs. C. W. Boston, Mass., box 5311.

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ROOFING,

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And all kinds of Job Work in Tin and Sheet Iron.

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Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience.

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as it by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "white discharge," flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, auterous, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Headache, Nervous Irritation, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES \$5.00.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated.

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SICK-HEADACHE,

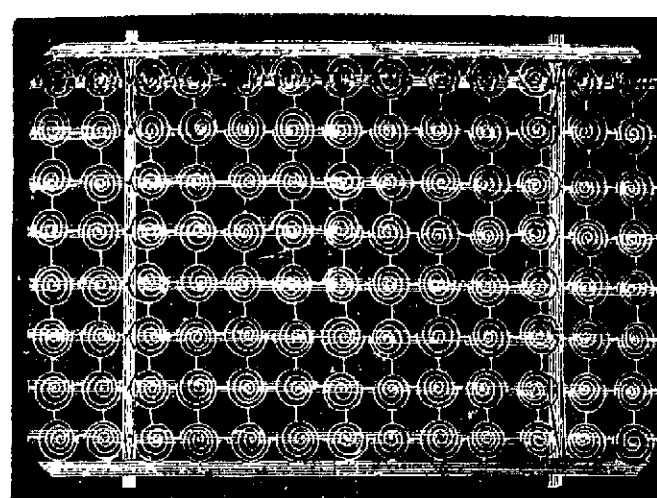
Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. 25 cents a vial, by Druggists.

THE STORE ROOM in my Marble Shop, formerly occupied by Mr. Held as a jewelry store is now for rent. Suitable for shoe shop, tailor shop, or grocery store. Q. W. REEVES.

Wm. B. MAYER,

Manufacturer of the Celebrated

AKRON SPRING BED BOTTOM.



I have purchased the patents and good will of the former manufacturer of the AKRON SPRING BED BOTTOM, and would respectfully ask the public to call and examine same. Orders solicited. Respectfully, W. B. MAYER, MASSILLON, OHIO

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Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, vial of table sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once than can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. Sprissey & Co., Portland, Maine

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